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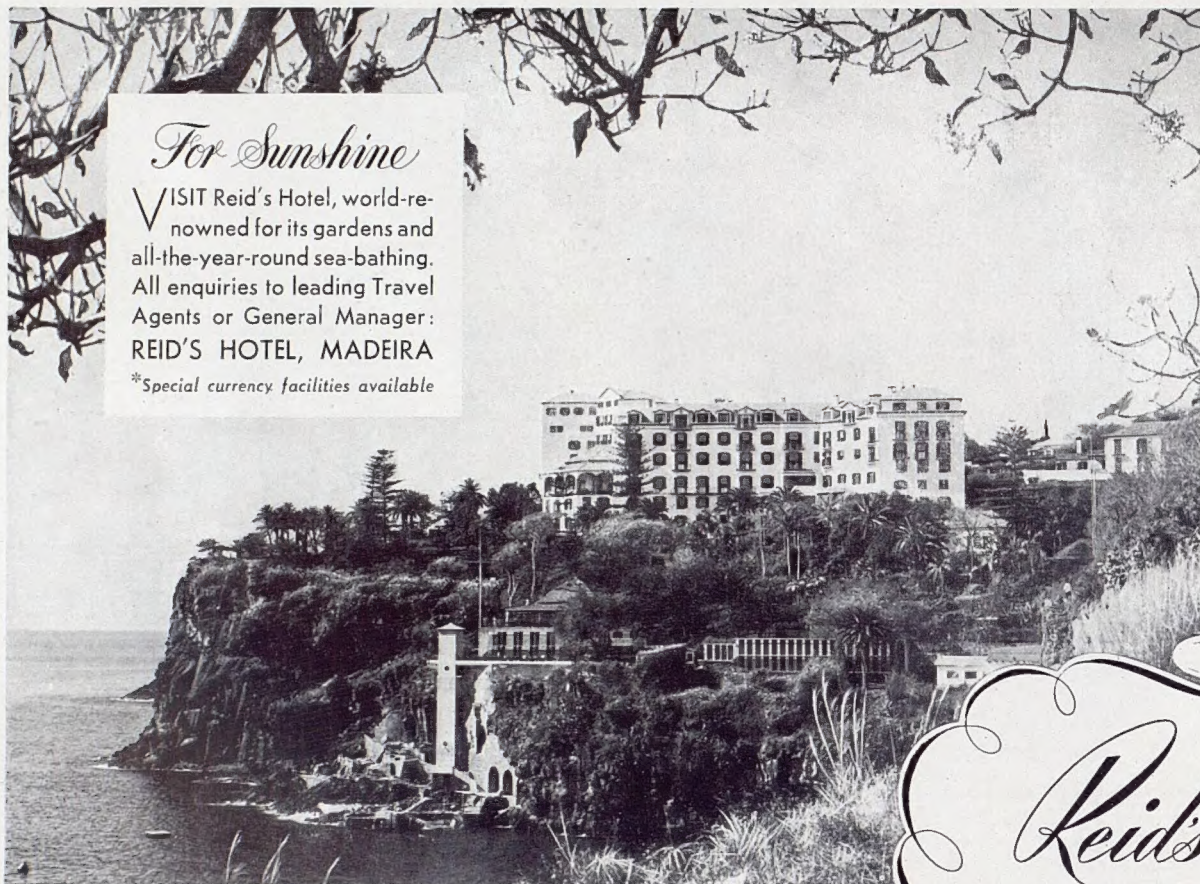
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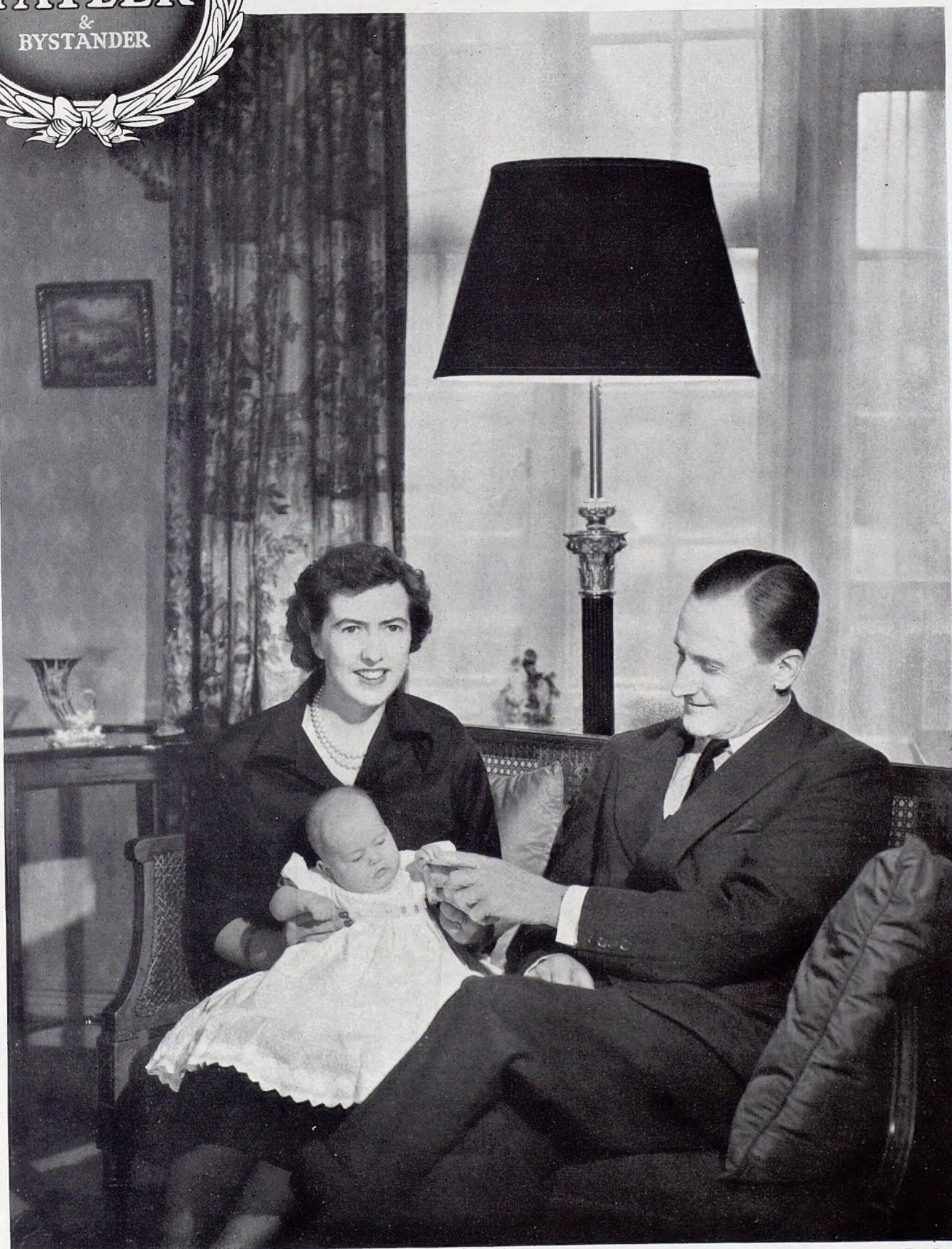
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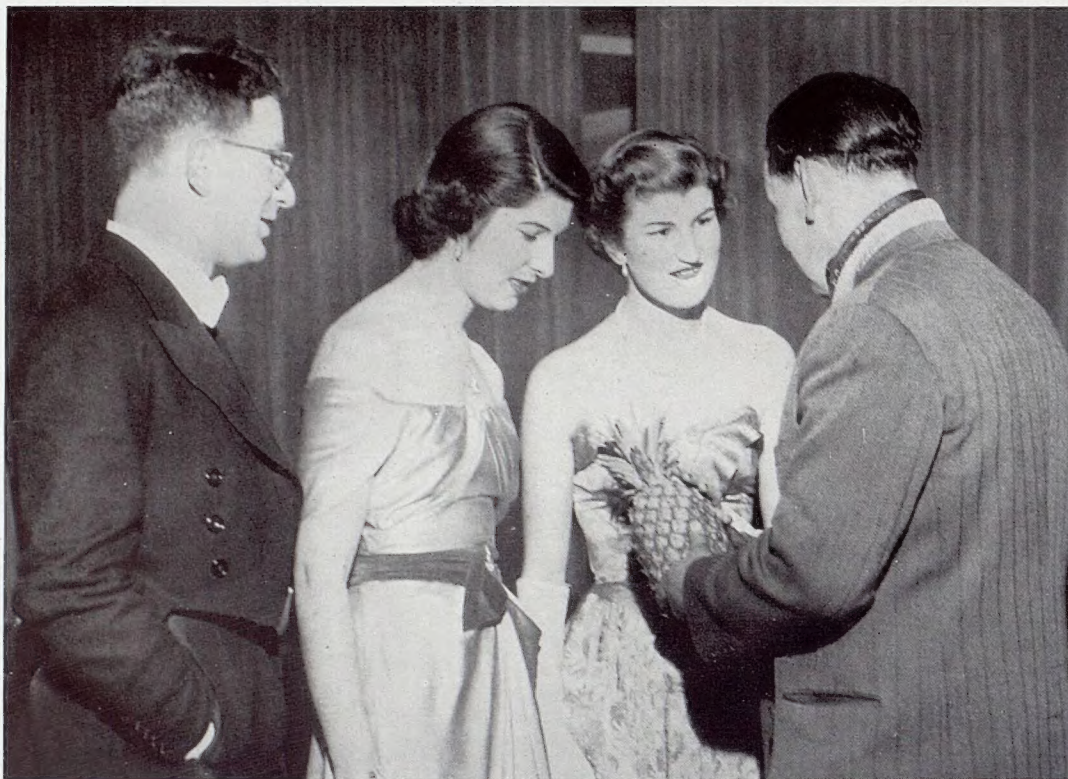
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Eric Coop

H.M.S. EAGLE'S CAPTAIN AT HOME IN CHELSEA

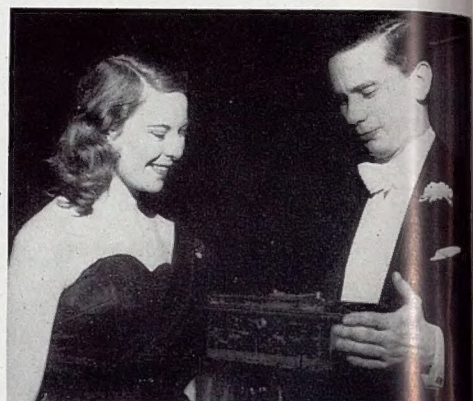
JUST four months old, Emma Holland-Martin showed a delightful power of concentration when photographed with her parents, Capt. D. E. Holland-Martin, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., and his wife, at their home in Chelsea. Married in 1951, Mrs. Holland-Martin was formerly Miss Rosamond Hornby, of Gloucestershire. Capt. Holland-Martin takes over command of H.M.S. Eagle, our biggest aircraft carrier, this month



Mr. Leo de Rothschild, Miss Jean Sinclair and Miss Octavia Andreae were keenly inspecting a pineapple which they intended to buy from the London fruit seller who, with his colleagues, brought a barrow to the ball to sell fruit in aid of the cause

BIGGEST AND SWEETEST PINEAPPLE OF ALL

THE annual Pineapple Ball, in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys, achieved outstanding success. The number of tickets sold, nine hundred, was an all-time record, and the great company who assembled found that their hosts were as ingenious in devising entertainment as they were active in raising funds



Weighing the tombola takings with satisfaction was Mr. Robert Bennett, vice-chairman of the ball, watched by Miss Jane Aldington



Miss Avril Macnamara, who wore a beautifully embroidered net dress, discussed the evening with Mr. Michael Sandwith



A short rest for conversation between dances was being taken by Miss Louise Meyer and Mr. Frank Plugge



Sitting out on the staircase at Grosvenor House were Mr. Jimmy Newton and Miss Maureen Lyle-Purdy



The headmaster of Stowe School, Mr. E. V. Reynolds, T.D., M.A., was chatting to the Hon. Pierse Butler and Mrs. Butler



Some keen negotiation was going on between Mr. Michael Sandwith, Miss Susan Greenwood and Mr. Bill Page, a fruit vendor



Gabor Denes

Others who bought pineapples, amid great merriment and with increasing connoisseurship, were Mr. Guy Harper, Miss Tamara Prehn, the hon. organizing secretary, Miss Patricia Nichol, the hon. tombola organizer, and Lt. Michael Foster, R.N.

Social Journal

Jennifer

The Gala Season At St. Moritz

SWITZERLAND.—I flew out here to stay at four of the winter sports resorts, making the journey as far as Zürich in one of the big and comfortable aeroplanes which Swissair use on their transatlantic service. On this shorter route from London to Zürich part of the plane is converted into tourist class and can then carry as many as seventy-six passengers. On my flight we had over seventy passengers, yet there was never any feeling of being too crowded.

ST. MORITZ was to be the first stop and I made the last part of my journey to this gay and luxurious resort by train, arriving at the Palace Hotel to find a gala just about to begin. The Embassy Ballroom was packed with guests from many parts of the world, the women looking very charming in some strikingly beautiful dresses. A dress show of sports clothes was given by the Paris house of André Ledoux during the evening, ranging from a very chic scarlet gaberdine ski-suit trimmed with a tiny white sheepskin collar worn with a snow-white sheepskin hood, to the briefest possible red, orange and black checked Bikini swimsuit. As the compère said, "this was looking ahead from winter sports in the snow to a sunny plage in the South of France next summer."

Snow, or rather the lack of it, especially in this part of Switzerland, was the big worry in every-

one's mind. The international ski races which were to have taken place here a few days later had to be transferred to Engelberg. Ski-ing was not possible at that time below Corviglia, and I met friends who had taken the train over to Davos to ski and found conditions there only a very little better. The famous Cresta Run, always such a feature of St. Moritz, was still unopened but work had begun building it and it was hoped to have the run open as far as "Station" by the end of the month, and up to "Junction" a little later in the season, weather permitting.

The weather has been a great disappointment to the intrepid riders of this perilous track, as the committee of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club had planned to open it from "Top" this year.

By the time this is in print, no doubt there will be plenty of snow here for the keenest of ski-ing enthusiasts and everything will be in full swing for February, which I have always found the gayest month of the season, with its longer and sunnier days. The lack of ski-ing exercise meant that visitors danced much more and kept much later hours. Not only was the gala packed, but also the dance floor in the Palace bar, where it is always much less formal. Across at the Cheza Veglia the weekly Peasants' Ball was in full swing, and the room was so crowded with guests wanting to enjoy a truly Swiss evening that Edie, the great personality of this enchanting little spot, was sorely taxed to find room for tables.

A great personality sadly missed this year at the Palace Hotel was the late Mr. Hans Badrutt, who will be remembered with the kindest thoughts by visitors, for their comfort and care was always his first thought. His elder son, André Badrutt, is carrying on his father's work splendidly, also Mrs. Hans Badrutt, who takes a great part in the running of this very specialized enterprise.

As always at St. Moritz there were visitors from all parts of the world. From America there were Mr. and Mrs. Warren Pershing, the latter happily now quite recovered from the badly broken leg she sustained ski-ing here three years ago, Mrs. Darwin James and her daughters, Mr. Frank Ryan and Mr. Harry Shell, the American racing driver, who left for Rio de Janeiro where he was taking two Maseratis and a Ferrari to compete in races. Other Americans included Miss Doris Duke, Mr. Bill Richmond from the U.S. Embassy in Paris, and Mr. Leonard Bernstein, the young musician, who had come up from Milan where he had been conducting at La Scala.

FROM Peru came M. and Mme. Emanuel Miro-Quesada and three of his brothers, while the Portuguese-born Duc of Cadaval and Greek-born M. André Embiricos were down from Paris, as also was Vicomte Benoist d'Azy, who supervises the running of the Corviglia Club so efficiently. He was there with his charming wife and their young son, who had to return to school in France that weekend.

M. Stavro Niarchos and his lovely wife flew up from the South of France where they had been staying over Christmas and the New Year with her brother-in-law and sister, M. and Mme. Onassis. They had their fourteen-month-old son Philip with them, and travelled in their own Dakota, landing on the recently enlarged airfield at Samedan.

COUNT SIGISMUND VON BERTHOLD arrived from Vienna and Kitzbühel with all the news from Austria. Prince and Princess Paul Metternich were there, also Miss Olga Deterding, Major Andrew Holt, Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Brocas Burrows and their two schoolboy sons Richard and

(Continued overleaf)



Staying for a short holiday at Suvretta House was Mr. Gregory Peck, the film actor, with his small son Jonathan



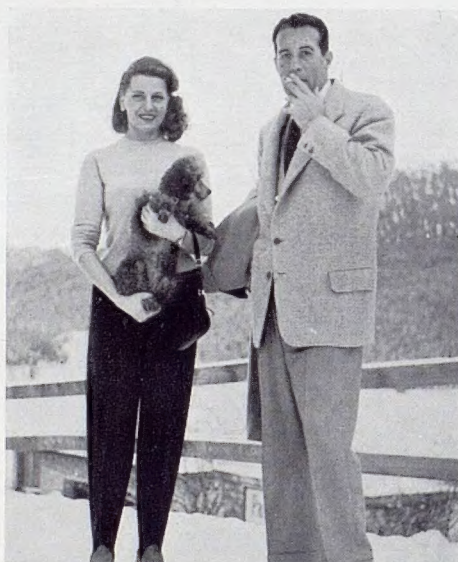
Dr. Jack Schulman, President of the British University and Cambridge Ski Clubs, was out for a walk with Mrs. Schulman



Dr. Thomas Tennent, winner of the Charles Barrie Curling Cup, with his daughters Susan and Sheila



Mrs. Norma Clark from New York, well wrapped up against the cold, was escorted by Prince Edmond Poniatowski, of Paris



Another couple out walking were Mme. A. Scharrenbroich, and Mr. William P. Richmond, of the U.S. Embassy in Paris

Jennifer's Soci

Lady Skier Strove On

Michael (who were among the few English families staying here) and Prince Constantin von Liechtenstein and Mr. Sergi Ovsievsky, both anxiously waiting for the Cresta Run to open. Among the Italians were Conte and Contessa Gazzoni, who have one of their sons studying at Cambridge. Conte Cella was there from Milan and Signor Giovanni Fummi was entertaining a house party at his Villa Chesa Lodisia. His daughter Francesca was one of the most charming of the Coronation year debutantes, and her mother, Lady Anne Fummi, gave a dance for her during the summer. Signor Fummi's guests at St. Moritz included Signor and Signora Kechler from Udine and their two children, and American-born Countess Paolozzi and her two young daughters. She lives at a lovely modern house in the Via Porta Latina in Rome. Signor Fummi gave a luncheon party that week, when among his guests were Princess Di Fondi who was also up from Rome and staying in St. Moritz, and the Duchessa d'Imperiali di Francavilla who had also come up from Rome and was staying with the Duca d'Imperiali di Francavilla and their two young children at Celerina where I lunched with them one day.

I was sorry to miss Prince and Princess Alvara d'Orléans Bourbon, who were expected up from Rome to stay with Signor Fummi towards the end of this month.

BEFORE I finish writing about St. Moritz I must mention the new aerial cable which is nearly finished and is to be officially opened this summer season. It will carry eighty to ninety passengers each time in two cabins holding forty to forty-five, and travel at about twelve miles per hour, operating between Corviglia Station, 2,480 metres up, to the top of Piznair, 3,050 metres high. This will transform skiing at St. Moritz, giving enthusiasts next winter about twelve really good new runs, and a superb slope especially for beginners.

In the summer, too, this new aerial cable will be a revelation. It will not only open up new



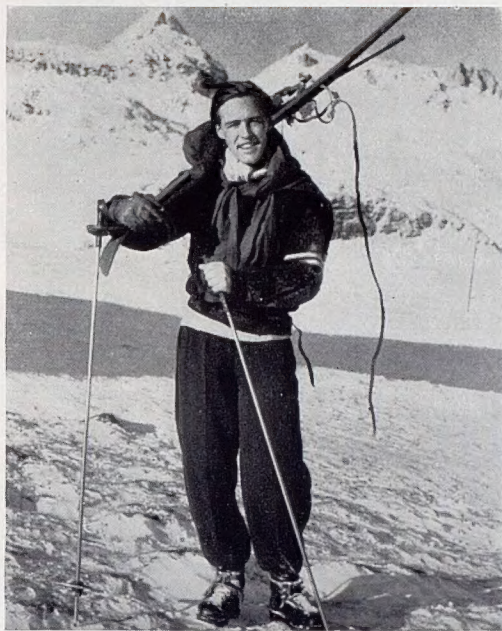
Duca and Duchessa Mariano d'Imperiali di Francavilla, with their children Roberto and Irene in the garden of the Cresta Palace, Celerina



Mr. Leister Eisner, of Park Avenue, came on holiday with his daughter Margo, who had been taking figure-skating lessons



General and Mrs. Brocas Burrows were among the British visitors to this favourite of Alpine resorts



Mr. Peter Kirwan Taylor, the British Olympic skier, was off to the slopes for his morning training run



R. H. Schloss
Prince Constantin von Liechtenstein with Miss Dagmar von Josipovich, of Rome, were on their way to Salatrains

four (Contd.)

4 Lands Slopes

excursions, but provide new aspects of some of the most beautiful scenery in Switzerland.

A helicopter would be most useful when travelling in Switzerland. From St. Moritz to Grindelwald, not a very long way as the crow flies, took me ten hours by train, including four changes. This simple little village, for many years beloved by the British with young families who want to ski, was a great contrast to the sophisticated St. Moritz I had just left. Another contrast was the snow, as there were masses of it here, and ski-ing conditions were perfect as they had been for several weeks.

★ ★ ★

I FOUND many young skiers busy practising for the International S.D.S. Ladies' Ski Races, including a downhill race, slalom, giant slalom, longrun and relay, which were to take place on the last three days of the week. There were over eighty entries from fourteen different countries including Russia, Sweden, Yugoslavia and Austria, which sent those two fine skiers Erika Mahringer and Trude Klecker. Entrants also came from Canada, Sweden, Italy, Norway, which had four starters including the expert, Borghild Niskin, and Britain, which sent Miss Addie Pryor as the captain, Miss Hilary Laing, Miss Katherine Hinde, and the baby of the team, eighteen-year-old Miss Meriel Gold, who was a Coronation year debutante and had her coming out dance during Royal Ascot week.

Miss Gold not only skis exceptionally well, having improved greatly after spending two months training in Norway last spring, but she also ski-jumps, a rather unusual accomplishment for a girl. The week before this international race she had been over to Wengen one evening with Miss Addie Pryor, and both girls had competed in a jumping competition. Meriel achieved a fine jump of twenty metres; Miss Pryor did not manage to get quite so far.

The first section of the Ladies' International Ski

Races, the longrun, was won by the Russian girls, who with five entries filled the first five places. They did not compete in either of the slaloms or the downhill race, as their trainer did not consider they could yet race downhill well enough to do credit to their country. But many more are in training, so no doubt we shall see Russian girls prominent in these events as well in another year or two.

I went up to watch the second race, the giant slalom, for which there were fifty-seven starters, but did not include the Russian, Yugoslav or Swedish entries.

THE race which started at Egg and finished at Bort was won by that fine Austrian competitor, Erika Mahringer, with Swiss Madeleine Berthod second and French Lucienne Schmith third. Hilary Laing finished first of the English girls, who incidentally were one short in their team as Miss Diana Russell-Wood had unfortunately broken her leg when practising over the course two days before the race. Another casualty was one of the Dutch team, who also broke a leg practising on the course on the eve of the races. Happily there were no casualties in the race itself. Next day there were the ordinary slalom in the morning at Bort and the relay race in which the six Russian girls, as well as the Swedish, Yugoslav and Italian girls took part in the afternoon. The slalom was won by the German skier Fräulein Ossi Reichert who did the fastest time on both runs. In this slalom Meriel Gold did the fastest time of the English girls, beating Hilary Laing's time by two seconds. In the afternoon the winners of the relay race were the Russians. This was the last of the international races I was able to watch before I caught my train to Mürren.

★ ★ ★

IN Grindelwald I stayed at the very comfortable Park-Hotel Schoenegg, which is at one end of the village and very conveniently near the ski-lifts. Also staying here were the German team, the two Dutch girls, and the two charming Canadian girls, Lucile Wheeler and Joanne Hewson, both beautiful skiers. Many cheerful English guests were there also including Mr. Peter and Mr. Michael Stokes, who were out with their mother Mrs. Stokes, who has been to Grindelwald many times before. They were joined by their cousin Mr. C. A. Prescott on his way home from Madras, who had his seven-year-old son with him.

Canon Cooper, over from his home in Gloucestershire, was joined by his daughter and a party of her young friends. Another guest staying here was Mr. Hubert Fox who had not been to Grindelwald for twenty years. His father first came to stay here in 1853, and with his uncles was a pioneer climber in the district.

Nearby at the Adler, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands was staying for an informal holiday with her four daughters. The Queen skis well and the young Princesses are outstandingly good. Perhaps the fastest of them all on skis is Princess Irene who, incidentally, when competing in an inter-hotel team race, did a faster time than either of the boys in the team who were the runners-up. When they were not ski-ing, the Princesses would sometimes be seen, like many other children, riding one of the Veloslittes, a form of wooden bicycle-scooter which is used in some parts of Switzerland.

The youngest, Princess Maria Christina, was often to be seen on her luge or skating, and in attendance would be her faithful nurse, very picturesque in her national costume—a white cotton Dutch cap and a long full-skirted grey dress.

(Continued overleaf)



Miss Karin Hepp, of New York, daughter of Dr. Carlos Hepp, was practising her skating on the Kulm Rink

Jennifer's Social

A Queen Was The Old



Miss Meriel Gold, who was a 1953 debutante, on the slopes at Bort, above Grindelwald. She had just been competing in the slalom of the Women's International S.D.S. Ski Race

HEAVY FALLS OF SNOW in Switzerland having broken the winter "drought," ski-ing activities at important centres got under way with tremendous impetus. Here are seen some of the competitors in the more outstanding of the events



Alan Crompton, winner of the Roberts of Kandahar Downhill Challenge Cup. His time was 1 minute 24 seconds



Mademoiselle du Roy de Blicquy, aged ten, who did excellent time in the Alpine ski slalom event at Engelberg



The Harlequin Ski Club team which beat Cambridge in the team race run in conjunction with the main Engelberg fixtures. It consisted of R. Hooper the 1953 Army champion, R. de Larrinaga, Sir Wavell Wakefield, M. Sutton Pratt, 1951 Army champion, and R. Brock-Holinshead

QUEEN JULIANA surprised visitors by travelling third class when she frequently took the train up to Scheidegg to do the run down to Grindelwald. She sometimes strolled into the village quietly with a lady-in-waiting and, although she had not visited Grindelwald for fourteen or fifteen years, stopped immediately when she saw someone she remembered and always greeted them by name. One evening when I went to join some friends before dinner at the famous Spotted Cat, Queen Juliana came in with two of her ladies-in-waiting, one of whom had unfortunately broken her ankle that week, and two other friends. No sort of flurry occurred and after a friendly word with Herr Emil Steuri who owns the Spotted Cat, Her Majesty and her party sat down at a table and enjoyed their apéritifs without remark. Herr Steuri, who is now Mayor of Grindelwald, is a great personality and was for long one of the most famous Swiss guides.

ON that same evening I met Mr. and Mrs. "Bud" Mitchell who had their two young daughters out at Grindelwald with them ski-ing. In the summer the Mitchells are great sailing enthusiasts and compete at many of the regattas in the South of England. They were having a drink with Mr. Teddy Clark, who is representing the Eagle Ski Club in Grindelwald this winter, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack May who had brought their three youngest children, Lucinda, Tim and ten-year-old Diana out from their home in Sussex. They had been up to lunch at Scheidegg that day and had had a grand run down.

Their eldest daughter Caroline who was a debutante last summer is a very promising young skier, but she has started working seriously on a farm and would not leave her duties to come winter sporting. Mr. May, like Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, has been to Grindelwald since he was a boy, when he used to come with his parents.

★ ★ ★

THE Netherlands Ambassador to Switzerland and his wife Baroness Bentinck van Schoonheten, with their young daughters, were also staying near Grindelwald with Comte Guy van den Steen de Jehay and his wife Lady Moyra van den Steen de Jehay who is a niece of the Marquess of Ormonde, at their charming Chalet Moyra just outside the village. Comte Guy, a Belgian who is a very clever and successful sculptor and painter, spends, with his wife, about four months of each year here and they often have English friends visiting them.

Another evening at the Bahnhof Hotel I met Mrs. Angus Irwin, who had once again brought her two children out for a ski-ing holiday. She was talking to Miss Lesley Thomson, the S.C.G.B. representative, and Mr. Tarquin Olivier, a promising young skier who is in his last year at Eton. He was in the Bahnhof team, runners-up for the inter-hotels race with Mr. Clement Gibson who is also in his last year at Eton, and Mr. Tim May who is at Radley. Others in the Bahnhof that evening included Mr. Prinz and his son Jan who skis extremely well; they had come over from their home in Guernsey. I also saw Brig. and Mrs. Kirwan who stayed here two years ago. They had arrived with their two daughters and a party of friends from St. Moritz, which they left owing to the shortage of snow.

Journal (Contd.)

Welcomed In Village

One afternoon I went up to Bodmi at the top of the nursery slopes and watched a children's race. Before the start it was a fascinating sight to see nearly a hundred boys and girls from five to ten years old in their scarlet, blue, green and even tan ski jackets, goggles and all the equipment in elders use, getting their number cloths andaving about on their skis in the most confident manner. The tinies of five and six years had a shorter course of their own, dotted with little green flags. The winning girl was Susi Bickel and among these very young boys was Hans Gasser. The older children had a much longer course right down to the village and some of them at tremendously fast. The standard was extraordinarily good. Winners of the race, which was divided into several sections, included Peter Frey, Hub Gasser and Peter Baumann. After nearly three very happy days in Grindelwald I went on to Mürren and then to Wengen out which I hope to write next week.

★ ★ ★

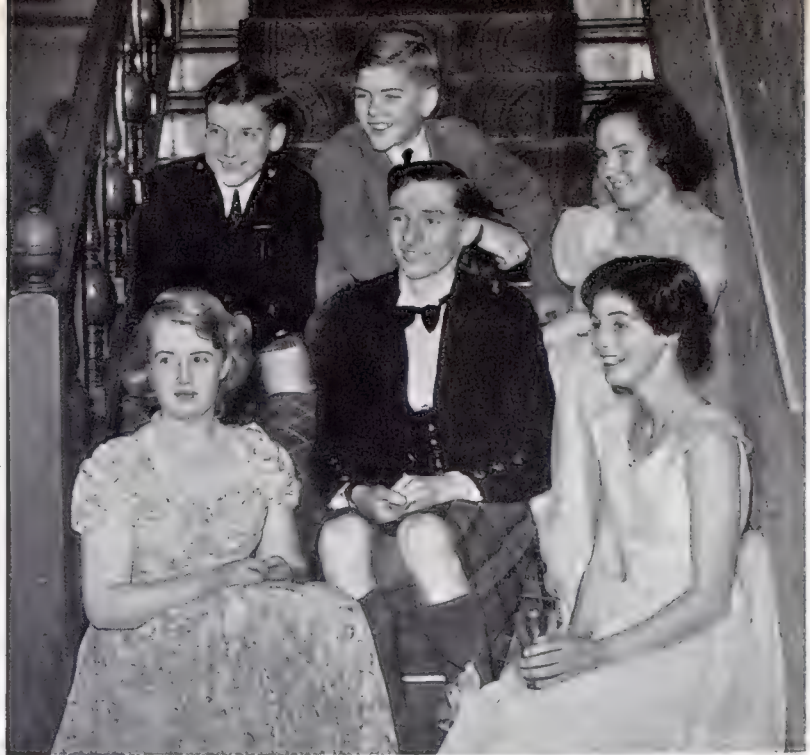
On route to Mürren I met Sir Wavell Wakefield, who had just come from Engelberg where he had been officiating at the ski races. These included the great Roberts of Kandahar race, the for downhill race in the world. It was first run in Montana in 1911, when Sir Arnold Lunn was the originator and largely responsible for planning the course. He was present at Engelberg this year, when the race was run over a short but steep course on the slopes of Sunnyside, one mile long with a vertical drop of 1,600 feet, starting above Ristis and finishing at Schwand.

It was to have been held at St. Moritz, but owing to the shortage of snow had to be transferred to Engelberg where the snow was plentiful. There was not enough at St. Moritz to prepare a safe downhill course, or for practice beforehand. This last-minute change unfortunately meant that some of the entries had to scratch at the last moment and the field of seventeen competitors was smaller than usual.

The Kandahar is open to competitors from all except the Alpine countries. Last year's winner, R. Beck, of Liechtenstein, did not defend his title, which went to Mr. Alan Crompton, an old Sedberghian who lives in Cheshire.

It was an unexpected win but very well deserved, as Alan Crompton has trained very hard the whole year, and training is more than half the answer to success in ski-ing. He went up whenever he could to practise in the Scottish mountains, and during the summer spent a great deal of time ski-ing on Lake Windermere. It was also a fine performance of grit and stamina as shortly before the race he burnt his leg and on the eve of it was a doubtful starter. Nigel Gardner was second in this race and Michael Sutton-Pratt third, and another competitor was the Belgian Comte du Roy de Blicquy who had been second in the Belgian championships, also held at Engelberg, two days previously.

On the same afternoon the race for the Alpine Ski Slalom Challenge Cup was run on Auli-Hang slopes, with a course of thirty-five gates and a vertical drop of 400 feet. It was won by Rupert de Larrinaga, captain of the British ski team. Sir Wavell told me that they always get snow at Engelberg early. This year the first heavy fall which found a good base was in November, then there was another very heavy fall after Christmas, and several lighter falls since.



Sitting out on the stairs during one of the dances are (back) Alan Wightman, Ronald Hoare and Judy Provan. Front, Heather Moncrieff, Jimmy Provan and Patricia Wightman



Enjoying a reel, which they danced with precision, were Malcolm Innes and the Marchioness of Lansdowne



Two of the youngest present, William Lacey and Nina Drummond-Hay, stepped out daintily in a waltz

A CHILDREN'S BALL was given at Perth in connection with the Perth Drag Hunt and Pony Club. It proved an extremely lively and friendly occasion, symptomatic of the spirit underlying all the undertakings of these two very energetic bodies



Four of the older guests at the Salutation Hotel were Mr. John Ballantyne, Miss Helen Grant, Miss Morag Valentine and Mr. Tim Yates, here waiting for the dancing to restart



In the library the Earl of Westmorland was having a between-dances conversation with Lady Barbara Bevan, sister of the Earl of Lucan

The Pytchley Entertained At Holdenby House

THE beautiful rooms of Holdenby House, Northants, were thrown open, by permission of Capt. and Mrs. George Lowther, to the four hundred dancers at the Pytchley Hunt Ball. This was one of the most successful social events of the winter in the shires, as befitted a pack of such widespread name and fame. The house was decorated with winter flowers, and these as a background to the ladies' gowns and the men's pink coats, made a scene of warmth and colour which will dwell long in the memories of those present. Among the dancers were the three joint-Masters of the hunt, who have now worked together for five years



Mrs. Peter Borwick, Major Peter Borwick, a joint-Master of the Pytchley, and Brig. E. Sweetenham were having a chat in a corner of an anteroom



Miss M. Macdonald-Buchanan and Lady Hardy discussing some of the season's meets



Refreshments for Mr. Charles Weatherby and Miss Caroline Martin during an intermission



Maj.-Gen. John Combe and Mrs. John Lowther, whose husband is one of the joint-Masters



Mr. and Mrs. Donald Fraser were availing themselves of the admirable sitting-out amenities



Miss M. Macdonald-Buchanan was being partnered in a slow foxtrot by Mr. R. Bramble



The Countess of Westmorland (centre) and Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Gibbs were among the guests at this very well-run ball, which brought together hunting people from far outside the Pytchley's own "parish"

Swaebe



A FIANCÉE TO THE RESCUE. Flashing her ring, Diana Hartland (Viola Keats) is confident that her engagement to Sir Clive Dawson (John Loder) will save him from the newly discovered beauty of his secretary Nora Parker (Betty Paul). Meanwhile Rod Kennedy (John McLaren) sourly wishes that he had never mentioned blackbirds

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations]
by Emmwood

At the Theatre

"Down Came A Blackbird" (Savoy)

MR. PETER BLACKMORE is a dab hand with stage miracles. He has already domesticated a wandering mermaid called Miranda, and now he transfigures a plain young woman who has a hopeless passion for her boss by snipping an inch off her ungainly nose.

It is only the improbable, not the impossible, that bothers us in the theatre. We believe as readily in this impossible triumph of plastic surgery as in the cow that jumped over the moon. The important thing is that the author should know what to do with the impossible when it has happened. Mr. Blackmore is pleasingly ingenious in his tracing of the unexpected consequences of the love-lorn secretary's marvellous transformation; and all is well.

It may be that he takes rather a long time leading up to the miracle. Once we have seen it coming we often feel like jogging his elbow, but he will not be hurried and completes his preparations with patient care and a nice sense of comedy. We have to be shown what an attractive fellow an eminent Egyptologist may be when he is played by Mr. John Loder. He knows all there is to be known about the dry-as-dust mummies, but he wears his learning with such a light, boyish grace that no wonder the hard woman of the world who happens to be in Cairo marks him down for her own.

No wonder the popular secretary with the disfiguring nose distrusts the hard woman of the world and distrusts her even more when her employer announces casually that he has asked her to be his wife. We have to be shown the sharpening conflict between the two women—Miss Viola Keats making it clear that when she has become the Egyptologist's wife the indispensable secretary will inevitably lose something of her position, and Miss Betty Paul ruefully making ready to accept the inevitable.

But it is Miss Paul who is the animating force of all the to-and-fro of sympathy and antipathy that flows about the genial masculine insensitiveness of the attractive

Egyptologist. She is the only one who has a real part. She flings herself into it unsparingly, wearing her false nose as though used to it since birth, displaying the virtues that make a secretary amiable and indispensable and at the same time pinpointing the inner frustrations of one who knows that interest in her personality must stop short at the point fixed by the luckless length of her nose.

Then the miracle happens. The secretary hears of the wonders wrought by plastic surgery and after a short leave spent in England returns as Miss Betty Paul, a dazzlingly charming woman.



MODERN OPHELIA.
Madeleine Somerset
(Hazel Penwarden)
expresses tragic young
love with eloquence

It takes quite a while for the Egyptologist to recognize her but after that not very long for him to transfer his affections from the hard woman of the world to the young woman who not only shares his passion for Egyptology and is the most indispensable of secretaries, but is also astonishingly beautiful. Here is the impossibility safely achieved, but what is to be done with it?

Mr. Blackmore knows exactly what is to be done with it. If everyone finds it difficult to recognize the popular secretary they knew, the secretary herself finds it even more difficult. She sets up in rivalry to the hard woman of the world; she makes a humiliating muddle of the business; and though her tactics bring her the proposal she has always longed for the Egyptologist to make, she finds herself at the critical moment laughing at herself—and at him.

So that the last act which seemed likely to consist only of a slow petering out of expected sentimental situations, becomes the best of the three, alive with comic surprises.

Even the secretary's wicked rival discovers a saving sense of humour which helps the general situation—and we come away with the feeling, too rarely experienced, that we have been lightly and well entertained.



"LE COQ D'OR," brilliantly mounted and sung with fire, is the first new production of 1954 at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Here a measure of the sumptuousness in which the stage is robed can be gauged from a scene in Act II., where the old King Dodon (sung by Howell Glynn) flings himself in abandonment at the feet of the Queen of Shamakhan (Miss Mattiwilda Dobbs). As producer and scenery designer, respectively, Mr. Robert Helpmann and Mr. Loudon Sainthill have made a spectacle which fully buttresses the colourful music

London Limelight



Claire Bloom and Richard Burton
in "Twelfth Night"

Sir Toby's Lost Jug

THE Old Vic's *Twelfth Night* is by no means their happiest production, hindered as it is by a calculated absence of slapstick which is completely at variance with the spirit and the text. It has golden moments, nevertheless: Claire Bloom's limpid perfection in the soliloquies and Michael Hordern's rancid condescension as Malvolio are the best of them. But Sir Toby, from whose bibulous decadence the brightest sparks should fly, is a dull and amateurish windbag as presented by Richard Burton. This is a pity, but a most laudable one, for there can be very few potential money-spinners in the film world of Mr. Burton's calibre with the good sense to return to school for fresh lessons. In this case the actor has attempted something beyond his physique, his voice, and his observation of life, but he, and audiences to come, will assuredly benefit from his courage.

To Mr. de Fay of Oddenino's go my respectful congratulations for producing, at last, an after-theatre dinner and cabaret restaurant, called La Romanza, which is both *convenable* and reasonably priced. They offer the customary shaded lights, Lew Stone's band and a cabaret which is changed fortnightly. On the night of my visit George Braund, in tremendous 3-D. form, was conjuring mysteries out of the fourth dimension without any apparent difficulty, and if there was any little matter which really mystified you he expressed himself as being happy to do it all again under your nose, thus leaving one doubly bamboozled.

DOROTHY TUTIN's next play appearance will be as Sally Bowles in the New York success *I am a Camera*, based on a story by Christopher Isherwood. This author, a young man of *diamanté* brilliance, left our shores for points west (not to be confused with West Point) just prior to the war. He was then best known for his literary association with W. H. Auden the poet, and for a superb study of Berlin in decadence called *Mr. Norris Changes Trains*, which had all the wit, the wickedness and the technique of a young Maugham.

I am a Camera is taken from the Berlin stories and it is to be hoped that this will provide Miss Tutin with a part which will really exercise her talents, for whilst Rose in *The Living Room* may have been demanding on the stamina, it never exceeded the spiritual confines of R.A.D.A. training, a step which this actress is so patently capable of taking that impatience mounts play by play.

The dramatiser of the story is John van Druten, a most experienced playwright, who will also produce, as he did in New York, where the play made Julie Harris's name overnight.

—Youngman Carter



THE CONTEMPORARY ARTS SOCIETY gave a most successful evening party at the Tate Gallery, some 700 guests being present. Here Miss Fiona Cristison, Mr. Robert John, Miss Faith Beatty and Mr. Philip Kendal were having a cocktail together



Lt.-Col. L. S. Michael, O.B.E., and Mrs. Michael admired one of the fine pictures by Raoul Dufy

Talk Around the Town

FOR those who feel in need of sunshine and gaiety at this season—but are kept at home—I recommend a visit to M. Raoul Dufy. He has a remarkable gift for reminding one of warmth and light and colour.

The show of his work at the Tate is most illuminating. Besides the direct pleasure to be derived, one is forcibly reminded of the debt which illustrators and poster artists owe Dufy.

His style has coloured the whole world's conception of the gayer side of the French scene for many years past. Such is the force of suggestion that the Riviera can be easily imagined in Dufy terms, and not (which is easier) as it really is—not far distant from M. Hulot's seaside in his gorgeously funny film.

I suppose one might say that Canaletto is similarly in London's debt. If sufficiently determined to look at the Thames through his eyes, and if you stand on the northern end of Waterloo Bridge, there are mornings when the prospect towards St. Paul's, with the façade of Somerset House at the left, is pure Canaletto.

What a pity that the Tate itself is placed where it is on the Thames, and not in some more salubrious, not to say accessible, position.

★ ★ ★

IF television continues to grow by the "leaps and bounds" prophesied, we may come to the day when the popular newspapers print little else but of what the programme was like last night (as if we

didn't know), the joys in store for to-night, and whether Mr. X, having got over his tummy-ache, will take the place of Miss Y, not yet over her temperament.

Great decisions will be taken at No. 10 by arrangement with the B.B.C. Ministers will be selected for their photogenic qualities. Make-up men will attend Cabinet meetings.

I pray that the present lack of proportion will settle itself, and television take its quiet place with gas and electricity, the water supply and the telephone, and other domestic facilities.

At present it is in the stage once occupied by Oxford bags, the Eton crop, the Charleston, and the New Look.

★ ★ ★

THIS age of rapid transit, yes, indeed, but what wild confusion when Nature gets tired of being conquered, as it so often does at this time of the year.

You may go from London to Buenos Aires by air with ease, but you cannot travel to Paris because of fog, nor to a village in Kent because of snow and icy roads.

A friend of mine, who felt she had suffered quite enough at the hands of the French Railways for one twelvemonth, saw the New Year dawn with another unfortunate experience. Travelling back on the Brussels-Calais boat train, she arrived at the port to find the steamer sailing cancelled because of the gale.

"In a few hours there'll be a train to Dunkirk, and you can cross on the night ferry," was all she could get from Calais first.

But isn't this the Golden Arrow steamer?" she asked.

Yes, but they're going to Boulogne."

"Why can't we?" she asked, sweeping her arms around at the fellow passengers.

The French Railways shrugged its shoulders.

She got home that night (instead of 11 a.m. the next day) by hiring a taxi to take her to Boulogne. Cost: £3 10s.

THERE is always the element of human fallibility to be pardoned, as I was reminded on a recent visit to one of London's biggest buildings. I got to a lift just as it shot up and said flippantly to the building's porter: "Ah, well, another one at 3.15."

"Yes, but there wouldn't have been if you were catching my father-in-law's train yesterday."

NIGHTMARES

GOURMET

I sit at table in a white-hot chair
Before an ice-cold plate of dubious fare.
An armoured joint defies my knife and fork,
And each fresh bottle savours of the cork.

ORNAMENT OF THE BAR

In mood unrobed I ponder with affright
On Bench and Bar abolished overnight,
No courts, no torts, no fees a Silk might take,
No broken laws, or even laws to break.

CLASSICS MASTER

I tell them Latin is the source, and so
He must know Latin who would English know.
One day, I fear, they'll have the answer pat:
"But, sir, the source of Latin—what is that?"

—Eric Chilman

● ● ●

He mentioned one of the country's most celebrated trains.

"My father-in-law," confided the porter, and there was a certain emphasis in the way he said it which suggested considerable "in-law" feeling, "overslept yesterday. First time for forty years. They fortunately found a driver. But the train was late in starting. Whew! Not half a row all round at home."

It gave quite a flavour to my lift ride to the eighth floor.

★ ★ ★

BY now the whys and wherefores of the English pantomime have had their annual airing in the papers. How can pantomime be English in origin with such an Italian name? Is it dying? Is it dead?

One aspect I have never seen probed is the origin of the tradition of the principal boy being played by a woman. Possibly a relic of the pagan feast of Saturnalia, when men and women dressed up as each other?

There is a nice comment in London's only stage pantomime this year, the excellent one at the Palladium. Mr. Max Bygraves, as Buttons, eyes the fine thighs of the Principal Boy: "Call yourself a Prince! Tch! Go and put your trousers on!"

There is a pantomime of sorts at Covent Garden, but the only affinity it has with the home product is in the puerility of its English libretto.

Rimsky-Korsakov's *Le Coq d'Or*—why not *The Golden Cockerel*, if sung in English?—is a Russian fairy-tale, but the English words fall strangely on the ear. "If ever I have leisure, I will try to give you pleasure," is one of the better rhymes. But the dialogue, in general, is on the haphazard side. "What's biting you?" cries King Dodon, whom the Czarist censor saw as a satire on the Czar Nicholas II.

When Serge Diaghileff brought the work to Western Europe over forty years ago, he did not consider it strong enough to stand on its own, so the action was played by his ballet troupe, with the singing contributed by operatic choirs and principals ranged on both sides of the stage. I am uncertain whether he was not right in his judgment.

Yet there is plenty of spectacle and action, with a magic tent rising from the mist of the desert, and a seductive queen—played by a Negro singer called Miss Mattiwilda Dobbs, wonderful name!—stepping from the tent and tempting the king with a galvanising top E and a come-hither smile.

There is also plenty of opportunity to reflect that Rimsky-Korsakov had a somewhat limited vocabulary as a composer, and an evident admiration for the styles of other writers.

ONE of the most trying tasks in the operatic world must surely be that of the producer who directs the stage action of the chorus, the natural histrionic powers of whom are so often in inverse ratio to their vocal gifts.

"Listen, boys. Will you please remember you are supposed to be noblemen marching into the throne room, not trooping out to the Pig and Whistle for a quick one."

"I know, guv, but give us a chance. We were toreadors at rehearsal all morning long, and slaves last night. Give us a chance!"

"All right, boys, all right. But another thing: when I see you in the Pig and Whistle, you seem to have the habit of drinking quite naturally. Can't you pick up those goblets and drain them without making it plain that they're empty?"

In point of fact, Mr. Robert Helpmann made an unusually good job of the crowd movements in *Le Coq d'Or*, although producing rather a restless effect. Still, an addition to the Garden's repertory well worth the trouble it has evidently taken to produce.

—Gordon Beckles



Van Hallan

Evening Party at the Tate Gallery and a Pre-View of the Raoul Dufy Exhibition

Mr. Robert Sainsbury and Mrs. Alan Sainsbury awaited the start of the film show given during the evening

Dr. and Mrs. D. Crichton had a drink together at the candle-lit bar before going in to dinner served in the Whistler Gallery

Miss Kitza Kazackos, the Greek singer, studied the catalogue with her husband, Mr. E. H. Spencer



Jack Kealey, the Hambledon huntsman, with Mr. Brian Day, Master of the New Forest Beagles, Capt. R. B. Smalley and Mrs. Smalley were talking together in the reception room soon after they had arrived



Mrs. J. A. Phillips, the Hon. Harry Cubitt, son and heir of Lord Ashcombe, Mr. James Hill and Miss Joanna Bonham-Carter

WINCHESTER'S GUILDHALL WAS HUNT BALL SETTING

THERE was a very happy atmosphere when the Hambledon Hunt gave their annual ball at the Guildhall, Winchester, the pink coats striking a vivid note among the dancers. An excellent programme was arranged, including a buffet supper, and it was not until well into the following day that the last of the guests said their reluctant good-byes



Mr. R. Skiff, Miss R. Waller, Mr. P. Morgan and Mrs. Skiff met in the bar for a drink before dancing began



Gathered for a cocktail were Mr. Tom Parker, Mrs. Stanley Allen, Mr. W. D. Frost, Mrs. Tom Parker, Jr., Miss Mimi Hillman, Mr. Tom Parker, Jr., and Mr. Tony Holmes



Miss Susan Williams and Mr. Michael Halford were discussing the excellent hunting they had enjoyed this season



Miss Dorothea Maybury was being escorted to the ballroom by Mr. Geoffrey Glanville, the successful helmsman



Mr. Raymond Stovold, Master of the Chiddingfold Farmers, and Capt. S. Stratton were chatting with Miss L. M. Dixon



Miss Rosemary Thompson and Mrs. Bill Wightman listened with interest to a hunting story told by Mr. Bill Wightman



Major F. H. Blackett found an attentive audience in Mrs. Blackett, Mrs. A. F. Coryton, Mr. Jeremy Fordham and Miss Julia Coryton



DINING OUT

In the Heart of Bohemia

I HAVE news from some of the Young Bickerstaffians, whose frank views about restaurants as they find them are always stimulating.

This is the season of the year when money is, as they say, in somewhat short supply. But there seems no great shortage of undergraduates with cars and exploratory instincts.

There was a time when the great hunting ground was Soho, where one could dine for as little as 1s. 9d. not so very many years ago. But Soho has, on the whole, kept its prices up. Indeed, there are small Soho resorts which are as expensive as any in the whole of London.

You can still have a late-night supper for 1s. 9d. in the B.B.C. canteens (if you mention Mr. Harben's name?), but not all can avail themselves of this privilege.

The trend is "Go West, young man," which takes you into the depths of Chelsea and South Kensington.

HERE are two places recently noted:

CHEZ MICHEL (near Chelsea Palace, in King's Road).—A nice little place with red-checked tablecloths, and although it has no licence, you can send across to the local. Menu, well cooked, was: Minestrone, choice of roast pork or jugged hare, both with vegetables, Apricot tart or ice-cream. Price: 3s.

SALAMI'S (204, Fulham Road).—Enjoying a vogue just now and apt to be crowded. Here the prices range from around 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. A strong feeling of Isis and Cam at this time of the year.

There are other places scattered around this district that will repay the earnest searcher after culinary bargains. And why not New Year restaurant bargains—perhaps of wines approaching the limit of their age of usefulness?

AN American in this country has recently sampled a concoction that can be used either "after the ball is over"; or on the next morning. It was approved by a U.S. brigadier general.

Items: Two eggs, one bottle beer, salt, celery, pepper, tabasco sauce to taste. Place most of the beer and seasoning (?) in oven and bring to boil. Drop in eggs, but do not stir. Cook for about five minutes. Then stir the eggs and pour in rest of beer.

Personally I would cut out both the eggs and the salt, celery, etc., and stick to the beer, doubling the dose.

—I. Bickerstaff



FROM THE RIVIERA TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS have come the Duke and Duchess of Leinster, here seen in the drawing-room of their house at Beaumont, in Jersey, where they have moved from their thirteenth-century shooting lodge at Grasse. The Duchess, who is now writing her memoirs, was formerly Denise Orme, the actress. The new Duchess of Bedford is one of her daughters by her first marriage

Priscilla in Paris

The Snow That Came Too Late

PARIS has burned its holly and mistletoe in time to sprinkle the ashes on doorsteps that the first frosts of this spring-like winter have made slippery.

Too, too sad to think that it is just when the schools reconvene that snow is beginning to fall. Adult fans of winter sports, the playboys and girls who can make holiday when they please, are gleeful, but it is hard lines on the youngsters. They were packed off a few days before Christmas to find sun-scorched slopes where they had expected dazzling whiteness, and the disappointment must have been hard to bear.

Deputising for an anxious parent down with 'flu, I went to collect a couple of young travellers on their return the other morning. They were delivered to me on the station platform, complete with unused skis, by a white-faced and very, very weary monitor. "Thank God that's over," was all he said; prudently I asked no questions.

"Let's go skating at the Palais de Glace," suggested ten-year-old Jean-Pierre, who was hanging on my arm. He stopped for a moment to admire a colourful poster of Eden Roc. "You know, *Tante*," he said, "it's queer if you think of it: ice-rinks in town and swimming-pools by the seaside, and . . ." his sister interrupted irrelevantly, "and nylon putting silkworms out of business!" "And," continued the boy, "the Père Noel sending toyshop catalogues round before he calls!" They ended in chorus: "Nothing ever seems quite what one wants nowadays!" and, for the ninetieth time I murmured: "Out of the mouths of babes . . .!"

IN point of fact we did not go skating. Peter Pan has come to Paris and the hoardings are gay with his exploits. Since the children find his filmed story irresistible, it would be wrong to spoil their pleasure. To try and explain to a French youngster the difference between Sir James Barrie's pathetic boy who would

not grow up and Walt Disney's Puckish gamin is an impossible task, and T. Q. Curtiss's neat critique: "Excellent Disney but poor Barrie," would be dismissed as being "grown-up" pernickiness." While my young friends screamed with delight, I suffered in silence, and my heart went out to the precocious lad who truculently declared as we were leaving the Marignan Cinema: "Phoo! That Tinker-Bell . . . what a Gabor!" (It would not be wise to conclude by this that all young Parisians are taken to see *Moulin Rouge*.)

Several picture houses of the Champs Elysées have gone all British for the holidays. The queue for the V.O. versions of *Geneviève*, *The Titfield Thunderbolt*, *The Ringer* and *The Captain's Paradise* are endless. I have seen passers-by stop to watch the people as they come out; often they are still laughing. I heard an onlooker declare: "Jolly to see so many happy-looking folks!"

AN elderly friend from out of town who is a theatre fan, asked me to take her to see "a pretty comedy with not too much love-making but a happy ending all the same." This was rather a puzzler. The fare offered by Anouilh, Roussin, Letraz, Maulnier and J.-P. Sartre, who have cornered the theatres this winter, would have been found most indigestible; the Folies-Bergère and Casino de Paris were not to be thought of; she does not care for musical plays, and the circus is a form of entertainment that frequently comes to her village.

Suddenly remembering that the première of a French version of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* took place at the théâtre Monceau some weeks ago, I rang up the box office and made enquiries. Not only is it still being played, but I had the greatest difficulty in obtaining seats. Several evenings later we found the theatre packed with an appreciative audience. Paris has its sentimental moods!

THE inhabitants of Bellefontaine, near Fontainebleau, are not such fighters as the people of Titfield. But while they welcomed the scrapping of a tramcar that has been running since 1896 and, for the last twenty years, has been the terror of all other road traffic, they gave it a grand send-off on its last run. Boarded by a crowd of mourners swathed in crêpe and weeping into black-bordered handkerchiefs, and preceded by a black-draped lorry in which an old gramophone played a funeral march, it moved slowly through the town, accompanied by the amused wailings of the onlookers.

Being somewhat sentimental, I interviewed the driver of the ancient vehicle. He was a very young man, and he told me that his grandfather had been obliged to give up the job last year. "Now enjoying a well-earned rest?" I suggested. "Compared to what this has been, you can call it that," said the youth. "He's driving a taxi in Paris."

Enfin!

● Heard at the pond-side in the Luxembourg gardens.

Small boy to his father, who is showing him how to run his new electric launch: "What are you going to buy yourself for my birthday?"



The Duke and Duchess with their daughter sit on a settee in the drawing-room of their home. The portrait is of the first Duchess of Leeds, daughter of the Earl of Lindsey, who died in 1704

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF LEEDS AT THEIR HOME IN JERSEY

WITH their three-and-a-half-year-old daughter Camilla, the Duke and Duchess of Leeds are pictured in their thirty-room mansion, Melbourne House, St. John, Jersey, Channel Isles. The Duchess, daughter of Brig. Desmond Young, M.C., author of the successful book "Rommel," is shortly leaving with her husband for a stay at their house at Bordighera, Italy



Barry Swaeb

Lady Camilla Dorothy Godolphin Osborne takes her crayons and tries her hand at a little artistic work



Standing beside a huge and venerable tree, Mr. Arthur Coulson, of Harrogate, was pointing out to his wife the arrival of a new Portuguese liner in the bay



Walking over a mosaic of pebbles in the gardens of the hotel were Major Anthony Gell and Mrs. and Mr. G. Fullerton-Carnegie



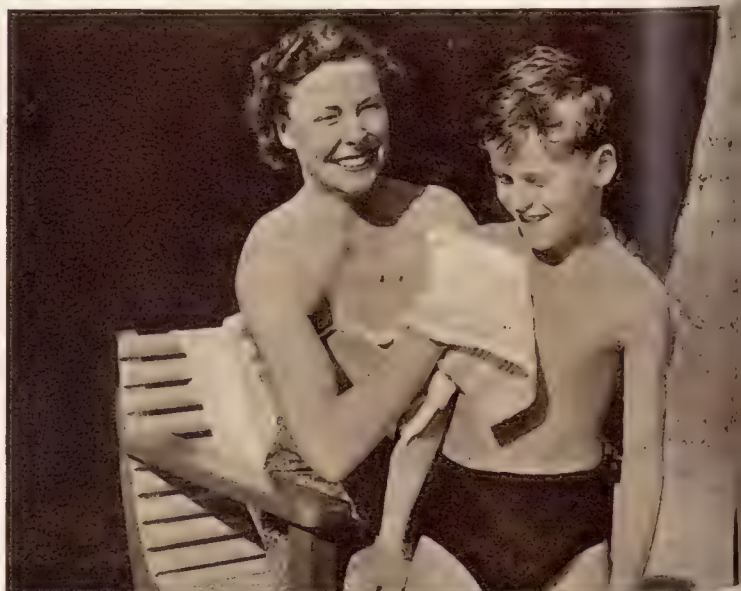
Watching the fishing-boats put out from the picturesque village of Camara de Lobos, which Sir Winston Churchill has painted, were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Clarfelt



Happiness in the sun: a symbolic group on the Mr. S. Thorpe-Smith and Miss Honour Clarke. The feasts and illuminations which add to the joy

OVERNIGHT JOURNEY FROM

IN Madeira, with its sub-tropical climate and scores of fascinating byways, a large company of travellers from this country have been enjoying a holiday free from the foggy treacheries and frosty ambushes of a northern winter. And so dramatic a change is achieved with the minimum of trouble



Mrs. Barry Aikman, wife of the founder and head of Aquila Airways, was drying her son David after they had both been for a morning swim



ow Reef Hotel, composed of Miss Gloria Clarke, Madeira at this time of year come at a season of colour the island's daytime beauties

OAKS TO FEATHERY PALMS

EMPLANING at Southampton at midnight, passengers on Aquila flying-boats can breakfast in a chinal looking out over a scene of luxuriant palms and exotic flowers, not only a present pleasure, but a source of delightful memories to carry back to a bleak Britain still some months short of spring



On the steps of the pool Christopher Fullerton-Carnegie was showing his toy submarine to a new friend, Annabel Blandy



Standing on the warm rocks, Mr. and Mrs. John Whitehead, of Prestbury, Cheshire, who were on their honeymoon, were debating whether to bathe



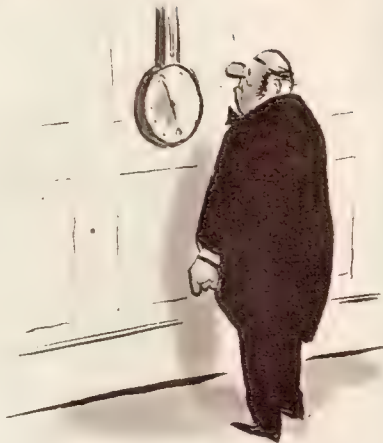
Gay Clarke was having fun with the ropes in the swimming-pool with Margot and Jacqueline Lord, whose father is a leading textile industrialist



Desmond O'Neill

Accumulating sun-tan on the seaward wall was Miss Anne Haynes, stopping for a few weeks at Madeira on her way to visit South Africa

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham



Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"His weakness is a tendency to go in for alluring combinations," piped a leading Fleet Street authority, criticising one of the Russian aces at the recent International Chess Congress. Weakness? *Weakness?* Surely (we thought) the Russky got his orders to play in alluring combinations from the Kremlin—a cunning move, designed to out-glamorise the type of British pawn-pushing floozie who turns up to a chess-championship nowadays in her Bikini.

We since find that this is a misapprehension, but let it ride. The idea is good, and has in fact been exploited in a small way already. From an illustrated Army & Navy Stores catalogue of the 1890's we perceive that at this period numbers of tall, calm, wellbred persons of both sexes strolled round apparently everywhere in perfectly-fitting combinations, smiling at friends, enjoying the morning air in the Park, and sedulously unaware that they were being sketched by artists. And note, chicks, that the said combinations carry no decoration whatever; a typical example of severely effortless allure and *morgue britannique* which must have had a stunning effect on contemporary foreigners, and especially on the Slav, always a great boy for rococo.

Afterthought

ONE hears some purple Grand Duke wanting to know why the rubies and emeralds have not yet been torn off his winter-woollies. "Little angry father, little redfaced caraway-seed," cry his distracted valets, embracing him in tears, "half the front line of the Imperial Ballet was on your august knee at the time."

If there is one type of semi-nude chess-floozie who needs tackling more than another, in our unfortunate view, it is the type that dances on the tables. Go to it, Russkis.

Query

NEWS-ITEM about the driver of a passenger train who forgot to stop at Addlestone on the way from Waterloo to Virginia Water recalls his amiable colleague in the Jerome K. Jerome story, who didn't much mind where he went from Waterloo. At length someone slipped him half-a-crown and begged him to be the 11.5 to Kingston-on-Thames, which the genial fellow was only too pleased to be, though it involved another railway-system altogether.

The Addlestone story, one feels, might have been even more of a human document had the driver missed out Addlestone deliberately for his passengers' good, deeming it honestly to be a hell of a place. He could have ended by asking, like Matthew Arnold, why the devil some people travel by train at all, seeing that it only takes them "from a dismal and illiberal life in Islington to a dismal and illiberal life in Camberwell." One often sees this question in the brooding eyes of engine-drivers.

The Driver Who Refused On Ethical Grounds To Stop The Train At Aberystwyth—that's the news-story we're looking for. He would disclaim all prudery, merely asking how far the senseless pursuit of pleasure coincides with the British way of life. Bit of a poser, sir, what?

Horsie

CRICKETERS, hard-girls-to-hounds, and other types who look bizarre in hats without earholes would undoubtedly have been the first to exult if somebody skilful and quick-witted had combined that human skull and horse's jawbone lately dug up together at Dartford, Kent. The discovery of the ancestral Dartford Horse-Man would likewise have consoled the anthropological boys for their recent setback with the Piltdown Ape-Man, one is glad to think.

Rich women often ask us why the typical cricketer with his long, sad, noble face, bears the worthy title of the Friend of Man, unlike those frightful leathery girls who raise hell from meet to kill. We find the answer in that well-loved work, *Mrs. Markham's History of England*, following a discussion on the evil caused by Latin foreigners:

TOMMY: Pray, Mamma, why does the cricketer share

with the horse the appellation of "the Friend of Man?"

MAMMA: The cricketer is perhaps the truer friend, my dear. He is so called owing to his personal integrity and ceaseless efforts to improve and uplift mankind.

CHARLOTTE: How does he do this, Mamma?

MAMMA: By striking a piece of leather with a piece of wood, my dear. (*Long silence.*)

CHARLOTTE: Does the cricketer's resemblance to the horse, Mamma, embrace several disconcerting habits of the latter, such as biting poor Aunt Rebecca on the bustle?

Sequel

HERE, as often, an indiscreet question is taken up by that awful Tommy, and all hell breaks loose.

TOMMY (dancing): I know! I know lots! Uncle William says—

MAMMA (severely): Tommy!

CHARLOTTE: Laugh! We nearly bust our pants!

MAMMA (awfully): Charlotte! Pray retire to the schoolroom immediately! (*Charlotte is sick.*)

Charlotte's query is easily answered, we may add. The typical cricketer is not, of course, a real horse, but what might be called the Platonic Idea of one. See Wisden, *passim*.

Songbird

OUR favourite poet, next to Dante, once described to a gentleman of her acquaintance what happened if she got into Paradise.

I would weary them so with my lonesome cries,

And the ceaseless questions I asked about you,

That they would open the gates and set me free,

Or else they would find you and bring you to me.

No doubt a girl of this type would prove a bit, of a nuisance ("Mr. Homer J. Bixby, please! Yoo-hoo, Homer! Page Mr. Bixby!") Nevertheless she seems to us to supply the answer to a critic asking why modern poets don't produce any good love-poetry. Those manic-depressive twitter-baskets obviously can't rise to the

heights of ecstasy touched by La Wilcox, who might incidentally have soared even higher had the gentleman been an Australian, like the lover in a well-known lyric of what might be called the Antipodean Cavalier School:

And if my kisses leave her cold,
I smack her across the jaw,
For she's my Lou, Lou,
Lou from Woolloomooloo (etc.).

Compare the exultation of Mrs. Browning soon after marriage to Digger Browning:

And a voice said in answer to my sob,

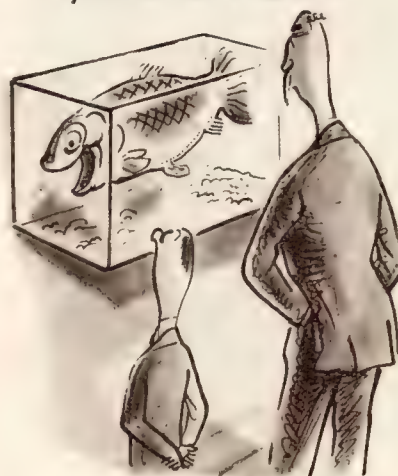
"Guess now who socks thee?"—"Death" I said.

—But there,
Baby was wrong again. . . .
Not Death, but Bob.

A trifle precious? A *souper* Third-Programme, maybe? But what music!

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"He was quite convinced he'd broken me"



Denis de Marney

GERALDINE McEWAN, star of *For Better, For Worse*, which is now in its second year at the Comedy Theatre, has been acclaimed by the critics as our best young comedienne. Miss McEwan began her career as Assistant Stage Manager at the Windsor Rep., later being given a leading part in *Who Goes There!* which scored such a success when it transferred to the West End. In private life she is married to Mr. Hugh Cruttwell, a senior director of the Windsor Rep.



"Played a lot of golf, painted the kitchen, squared up the garden. . . . Frankly, I'm glad to be back."

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

LITTLE Linda, age five, came home one day and announced that she and her friend Peter were going to elope.

"Really?" said her mother, in mock seriousness. "Do you really think it would be nice to take Peter away from his mother so young?"

"Oh, that's all right," replied the young lady. "You see, she doesn't understand him."

MAKING his first stage appearance in a provincial city, a now-famous actor had a poor reception. The disapproving audience showered him with an assortment of vegetables and abuse.

When they paused for breath he stooped to pick up a rotten cabbage by the tips of his fingers, and displaying it, said: "I expected to please you by my acting, but I confess I did not expect that anyone would lose his head over it."

HE had had a night out, and was doing his best to fit his key into the lock, singing a happy song meanwhile. After a time a head looked out of the window above.

"Go away, you fool," cried the man upstairs. "You're trying to get into the wrong house."

"Fool yourself!" shouted the reveller indignantly, "you're looking out of the wrong window."

ONCE when I was in danger from a lion," said the big-game hunter, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had lost my gun. The lion didn't even touch me."

"Very strange," commented his listener. "How do you account for that?"

"Well," mused the hunter, "it must have been because I was sitting on the branch of a tall tree."

AFTER having lived in the country all their lives, an elderly couple sold their farm and retired to the city to enjoy life.

On the first morning in the new house, the wife awoke before sunrise and shook her husband. "Isn't it time you were getting up to light the fire, Henry?" she said.

"No, Mary," yawned the old man. "I'll call the fire brigade. We might as well make use of these city advantages right away."

At The Pictures

Puzzle For
Censors

David Niven gives
advice to Maggie
McNamara

MY enjoyment of three films this week has been in every case clearly conditioned by expectations exceeded, disappointed or simply met.

Not having seen the play *The Moon is Blue*, but having heard the conflicting opinions of censoring bodies, and being able to read the letter "X" on a certificate, I was prepared for anything in the way of feather-weight salacity.

When I saw the closed maleranks at the London Pavilion (reminding me of a "burlesque" theatre in New York) expectation sank below freezing-point. They were probably as surprised, though perhaps not as delighted as I, to find a most refreshing and gay comedy. Anyway, we all laughed happily throughout.

If the heroine—candidly called a "professional virgin"—had been played with less command of snowy innocence than Maggie McNamara's, her evening in the apartment of William Holden might have been more uncomfortable for all. But Miss McNamara is so charmingly free of the affectations usual to actresses who ape the innocent, Mr. Holden is so patently nice, and Mr. David Niven such a touching mixture of gay *débauchée* and benign uncle, that I almost thought our enlightened censor had lost his sense of humour. On reflection, of course, no responsible censor could grant this picture Universal *laissez-passer*. But doesn't "A" still stand for Adult?

PERHAPS my own professional innocence is revealed by my high hopes of *The Band Wagon* (Empire).

I had allowed the names of Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan as co-stars, with Vincente Minelli directing, to deceive me into expecting a musical on the level of *An American in Paris*.

How dismal then my disappointment! After one small good number for Astaire about shoe-shining, we embark on the long production of a stage show which most understandably flops. Astaire and Buchanan hardly tap, Cyd Charisse does virtually no ballet, Oscar Levant no piano-playing. A newcomer, Nanette Fabray, is agreeable in a Judy Garland style. After over an hour, Astaire decides to pull the show together.

Only in one brief scene do we see what we came to see: Astaire and Buchanan in top hats, white ties and tails. And then the wide screen slices off the tops of their toppers.

FINALLY, the reason I enjoyed *So Big* (Warner) was that I expected no more and no less of a story starring Jane Wyman as one of Edna Ferber's pioneer mothers. Miss Wyman is an excellent character actress, Miss Ferber a splendidly efficient story-teller. I expected a broad canvas, competently filled with rich human sentiment; I got it, all the way from female emancipation to mother-love, art and beauty *via* honest toil, plus an agreeable new young man, Steve Forrest, as Miss Wyman's son (regrettably nicknamed "So Big").

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



Major Anthony Burke (left) and Mrs. Burke (right), who are joint-Masters of the Ballymacad, with the host and hostess, Capt. and Mrs. Nigel Naper, who recently came from England to live at Loughcrew, Oldcastle, Co. Meath

THE BALLYMACAD started off the Hunt Ball season in Eire with a gay evening at Loughcrew, splendidly organised by Sir Hugh Nugent, Bt., and Lady Nugent. Of the three hundred guests, many came from adjacent Hunts



Miss Avia Daly, daughter of Lt.-Col. Denis Daly, with Mr. Mervyn Walker. Miss Daly is a follower of the Kildare



Miss Oonagh Vickerman, daughter of the owner, dancing with her fiancé, Mr. Dominick A. Mitchell



Sir Hugh and Lady Nugent, from Ballinlough Castle, Co. Westmeath, chatting with Mr. Waller Harman (centre), a former Master of the pack, and chairman of the Hunt committee



Prince D'Ardia Caracciolo, Miss Avia Daly, Miss Pat Walker and her brother Mr. Mervyn Walker, both keen followers of the Ballymacad, studied the card before the programme began



Mrs. Denis Daly and Mrs. O. Critchley had decided on their choice for the big race as the entries came under starter's orders



Watching anxiously as the runners came down the straight were Mrs. Nora Fitzgerald, the owner, and Mrs. John Huston

ANOTHER IRISH "PREMIERE" was the Baldoyle meeting which opened the Irish racing year, with an excellent attendance. Chief surprise of the day was the Feltrim Hurdle, when Knock Hard, Gold Cup winner and favourite, was beaten by the outsider Triomphe



In the members' enclosure were Lord Killanin, his son the Hon. Redmond Morris, and Capt. J. Traill



Mrs. Tony Hughes-Gibb, wife of the owner, the Hon. Edward Corbally-Stourton, and his son Mr. Nigel Stourton

At the Races

Those Big Fences

• Sabretache •

WE are told that the reason why some owners, notably the more tender-hearted ones, have made up their minds not to risk their smart three-milers over the Aintree fences in the Grand National, or in any other races over that course, is the fear of fatal or severe injury. These fences undoubtedly are very forbidding, and as thousands and thousands of people know, they can frown; some people have said they can do even more than that! Yet the percentage of fatal accidents at Aintree, to both horse and man, is very low, and probably no higher, by and large, than that at all the Park courses put together.

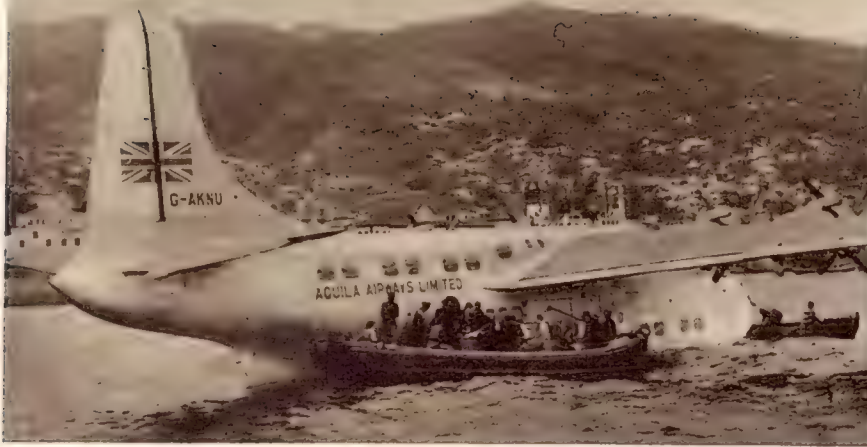
The many falls at Aintree are chiefly due to the fact that there is no other course in this country, or, for the matter of that, in the world, that can in any way compare with it. So the result may be guessed when horses that have been raced over the more accommodating obstacles suddenly meet a lot of things that can hit back. However carefully horses are schooled in private, it is not the same thing as going into action in a race. Tom Coulthwaite had many reproductions of Becher's and other Aintree fences at Hednesford, but he always admitted that "private" is very different to "public" with all its row and racket, and the crush and the bumping and barging.

LOTS of horses will perform marvelously when there is no distraction, but when they have to work their passage through a hostile horde, it is a very different story. A personal experience: I once rode in a trial over fences for an enthusiastic officer of the 1st Uhlans of the Guard, and he deliberately knocked me over, explaining afterwards that he wanted his horse to get used to what he would meet in a race so that he should not be taken by surprise! The Herr Baron did not seem to think that I mattered in the least. I was not much hurt, but his horse was, and I do not think that he was ever much use after this fall. That is how it goes, and, of course, the Baron was right up to a point, because this sort of thing could happen to any horse at any fence in any steeplechase. Chasing has never been a very safe game to play, but on that occasion I could not see the point of taking a dangerous risk.

IN spite of all the falls, the Grand National is not as dangerous as it is made out to be. The statistics amply prove this fact. Possibly if the Park fences were stiffened to something like the Aintree ones, falls would be less numerous. We have often heard it said that "Bigger places are jumped out hunting." Perfectly true; but no one has ever gone the pace with hounds that they do in the National, with its thirty fences over $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles in a bit over nine minutes. On an average the Aintree fences are about 5 ft. high and 3 ft. thick.

Likewise, out hunting you do not meet a succession of real snorters, not even in the Fernie country, where there was (and maybe still is) so much really stiff timber, which gives you the most uncomfortable fall of all. Yet many no doubt remember how those gallant Fernie ladies, Mrs. General J., Mrs. Hon. Sec. M. and Mrs. Tenth Hussars, used to crack at them.





IN FUNCHAL HARBOUR passengers leave the Aquila Airways flying-boat for the launch which will take them ashore. The journey from Southampton to Madeira is made in six hours. More pictures will be found on pp. 100-101

Flying

Oliver Stewart

Magic Carpet to France

It has taken an unsentimental business organisation to make motorists believe in fairies. Peter Pan's whimsy waftings are outdone by the way in which cars and their passengers are winged across the Channel by the air ferry services. It is, in truth, a marvellous use of air transport, unforeseen in the early days of aviation, but now firmly established and growing in popularity every year. In half an hour the road vehicle and its occupants are loaded in England, lofted over the sea and landed in France. At a luncheon in London the other day A/Cdre. Griffith J. Powell, the managing director of Silver City Airways, told me something of the company's plans for the coming season.

First of all, fares have been reduced, then the routes have been readjusted, and, finally, the company's new aerodrome at Dungeness will come into operation in June. On the Lympne-Calais route the cost of transporting a car will be between £6 1s. 6d. and £15 6s., according to size, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, with slightly higher rates for the week-ends. Twenty minutes is the flying time, and it is the same on the service from the new aerodrome to Le Touquet. The name of the new aerodrome is to be "Ferryfield," and it will have two runways each of 1150 metres.

MR. EOIN MEKIE, the chairman of the company, presided at the luncheon, and interesting information emerged about such things as the future of Gatwick and of Lympne. Gatwick, which the Ministry of Civil Aviation, in spite of all public protests, still intends to develop as a main alternative to London Airport, is used for the car ferry services to Le Touquet; but if it becomes a main airport it is likely that it will no longer prove suitable for this work. The ferry requires its own special kinds of airport, and does not fit in well with the vast, clumsy elaborations of an official terminus.

I was able to remind one of the guests at the luncheon that A/Cdre. Powell, who has done so much to establish the fortunes of Silver City, was a pioneer pilot on the Atlantic route. In the days of Imperial Airways he captained flying-boats on the Empire routes, and I believe that in World War II. he was in the Royal Air Force Transport Command. It is an instance which helps to prove a point I like to make:

that the experienced air pilot is the best man to take over high executive positions in air transport organisations.

Too often the view is held that because a man is an experienced pilot, he cannot possibly also be an accomplished administrator and organiser. This view is the cause of a great deal of dissatisfaction among commercial pilots, who recognise that their flying life may be limited for medical reasons. In some companies—and this applies to America as much as here—their piloting experience seems almost to be a bar to a transfer to the administrative side.

My knowledge of how honours are distributed prevents me from making any clear-cut comment upon the fact that aviation was ignored in the New Year's list. But there was criticism to be heard in the places where flying folk gather. After the mighty air achievements of 1953, and after the celebrations of the fiftieth anniversary of flight, it seemed strange that—if the financial, Service and guided missile sides are excluded—not one aeronautical name appeared in the list.

After all, we have with us some great air pioneers, men who were designing, building and flying aircraft long before World War I. It may be that they are not anxious for honours; but it is impossible not to notice the absence of their names from successive lists. Meanwhile, I want to recommend in the strongest terms a new book about a pioneer who is too little remembered, Cody. The book is by G. A. Broomfield, who assisted Cody in much of his early work and who was his loyal and enthusiastic supporter.

CODY, first man to fly in England, was essentially a practical experimenter, endowed with more than ordinary courage and with a natural aptitude in matters aeronautical. Mr. Broomfield tells us the important fact that Cody invented wing warping before the Wright brothers; but

that he did not visualise the inter-connected rudder and wing warping which was the characteristic of the Wright patent. Cody, with long hair, beard and sombrero, riding his white horse and performing prodigies of marksmanship with a rifle, was often and understandably confused with the showman "Buffalo Bill." He is almost certainly the true inventor of the tommy gun, and for this Mr. Broomfield quotes chapter and verse; but the War Office refused to take up his invention.

IN the official journal of the British Air Line Pilots' Association there is a regular feature written by one who signs himself "Aerius." I think I know the identity of the writer, but it would be improper to make guesses here. At any rate, he exudes practical experience and expresses his views in an arresting manner. A week or two ago he raised a matter which, I believe, ought to be taken up by the Ministry of Civil Aviation. It was the futility of much of the elaboration of flight plans and of load sheets.

"It is a fact," says Aerius, "that, in many cases, all the information which one receives for such a purpose (making a flight plan) is inaccurate and, if it were accurate, one would be most likely prevented from fulfilling the terms of the flight by reasons of other traffic or some such phenomena as ice formation." And later he says: "There is no doubt that the flight plan is a great bugbear to the establishment of regularity."

His criticisms of the load sheet are equally devastating, and, in my view, equally deserved. These things are the kind of paper work which Government departments think they must foist on practical activities. They never help those activities; they usually hinder them. What a pity it is that no politicians seem capable of tackling this trouble effectively. Paper work and the paraphernalia of the office men seem to have grown too powerful to be challenged.

To refer back to Mr. Shenstone's adverse criticisms of British workmanship and finish in aircraft is to ask for trouble. Yet there is one point I must make, for nobody else has done so. It is that workmanship and finish are relative. Mr. Shenstone is a highly competent, experienced and objective-minded engineer whose words deserve attention, and I think that, on the whole, he was right when he said that British workmanship and finish in aircraft were not as good as American. But then American workmanship and finish are not as good as French.

I wonder how many people at the last Paris Salon made really close inspections of the French aircraft, both civil and military. I did; and I was impressed by the almost perfect finish. In aircraft like the Vautour, now ordered in quantity, and the Hurel Dubois, the surface finish is so good that one can scarcely see, without a magnifying glass, where the butt joints occur. And the flush riveting is really flush. I have never seen better work. But that does not necessarily mean that the cost of achieving it is economically justifiable.



THE BRISTOL SUPERFREIGHTER, a new aircraft, which will be the mainstay of the cross-Channel car-ferry fleet for 1954



Dancing a samba with great enthusiasm were Mr. David Ewing-Crawford, Royal Scots Greys, son of Brig. Alastair Ewing-Crawford, of Auchentring, Stirlingshire, and Miss Virginia Colville



Brig. and Mrs. R. St. G. Ransome smoked a cigarette while sitting out for a short time



Col. M. B. Buchanan, Honorary Colonel of the 4/5 Battalion, talking to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Laidlaw

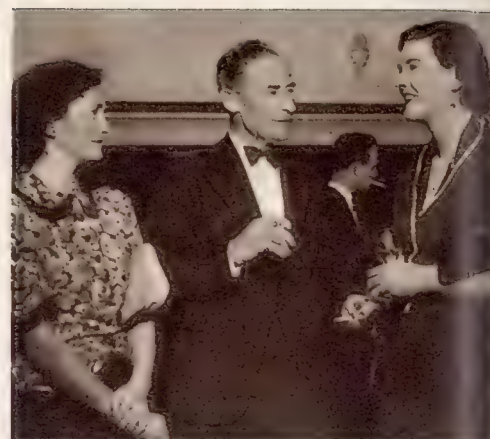
THE 275TH ANNIVERSARY of the raising of the Regiment was celebrated at a ball given by the 4/5 Bn. Royal Scots Fusiliers (T.A.). At the County Buildings, Ayr, Fusiliers lined the staircase and sentries in full-dress uniform guarded the new Colours, presented to the Battalion last September, and the magnificent Mess silver



Major Gordon Wilmot, Royal Scots Fusiliers, Mr. John Arnold, assistant producer of "Genevieve," Mrs. Marjorie Cornelius, whose husband directed the film, Major Sacheverel Wilmot, R.A., Mrs. Sacheverel Wilmot and Mrs. Patricia Arnold



*Crawford, Ayr
Major Donald Lear, King's Own Scottish Borderers, was in company with Miss Penelope Pearson*



Ocean Racing Enthusiasts Dined Together and Discussed Plans for the Coming Season

Mrs. D. Livingstone, Mrs. S. B. Slater, Mrs. Robb and Mr. Arthur C. Robb, O.B.E., at the R.O.R.C. dinner

Lt. David Hankinson, R.N., Miss Judy Wyatt, the Hon. William Pease, Mrs. R. G. F. Scholfeld and Mr. Michael Richey

At the Park Lane Hotel other guests were Mrs. Lowis, Mr. R. H. D. Lowis, O.B.E., and Mrs. A. Parker

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

One Man's Verdict On War

This week Miss Bowen returns as The TATLER'S book reviewer, bringing to the task, as our foremost novelist, unequalled qualities of perception and sympathy

"NINE RIVERS FROM JORDAN," by Denis Johnston (Verschoyle; 21s.), is a book which has long been due to come. It is, that is to say, one of those books to which World War Two was due to give birth some ten years later, when reflection should have had time to work. Man in action hardly has time to think—he reacts (as we saw from brilliant *reportage*) sharply, from day to day, but the search for the meaning must come later. Yes, for the long-term evaluation one must have, evidently, the long term.

Also there is the question, a vital one, of placing one thing in relation to another—can it be failure to do this (failure, perhaps, to have time to do this) which has left, in the case of so many people, a sort of lasting, puzzling gap between wartime experience and civilian life?

THE author, as who can fail to remember, served through the war as B.B.C. correspondent in the field, working first in the desert, then in Italy, and, finally, with the Americans in Germany. He was the first person to deliver a commentary on a bomber raid from a participating aircraft; he found himself all unawares (not having known what he was approaching) inside the gates of Belsen; he beheld the meeting of the two armies, the actual closing of the pincer, in the Brenner Pass. One of the great merits of NINE RIVERS FROM JORDAN is that not one of the accounts in it has lost its almost uncanny, momentary sharpness: one reads about everything with the sense that it is actually happening, here and now. A journal, or Mr. Johnston's scripts, surely must have provided this vivid detail—no quite unaided memory could be so clear-cut, so minutely factual.

But what is important, what makes this book literature, is that the author has put what was contemporary material to what is a contemporary use—he is writing not about a war (however world-wide), but about War, and his treatment is at once imaginative and philosophic. What goes to make up War?—how, fundamentally, is it to be differentiated from

Peace? Are not the same impulses, compulsions, desires, passions present, though outwardly taking a different form? Does not the same vast, slowly-evolving pattern underlie everything?

MR. JOHNSTON is an Irishman, an Anglo-Irishman, gifted with the ambivalence and detachment peculiar to that race inside a race. An Irishman, of whatever kind, is a born free-lance. Yet it is impossible to be in a war and be not embroiled in it—why else, indeed, does an Irishman seek a war? I should say that his semi-detachment gives virtue—that is, a fearless veracity—to his accounts of World War Two as seen by him.

He has been a barrister, which gives impersonality to the mind; and before and after the war was and is a dramatist—first, probably, known



WILLIAM MacTAGGART, R.S.A., who recently held an exhibition of his paintings at the Scottish Gallery, Edinburgh, has his work hung in Britain, the U.S. and in Australia. He is also an active member of the Edinburgh Festival Society

to London through his play *The Moon in the Yellow River*. The distinction between a dramatist and a "dramatiser" could not, I think, be better illustrated than it is by this book: the "dramatiser" inflates, and thereby falsifies; the dramatist instinctively reaches down to the essentials and implications of human conduct.

WE must listen, therefore, when (at the close of the splendid section dealing with the time in the Western Desert) Mr. Johnston delivers a frank, it may seem shocking, verdict on War:

Fear, in its proper place, can serve to heighten the perceptions and quicken the emotions. It is a bond that can link men together in a brotherhood that will outlast all other bonds. Once you and I have shared the same Fear, we have something in common that transcends Class, Race and Creed.

This is one of the things that we can learn from War, and it brings home the meaning of the creed of the fighting men—that War is not really such an evil thing at all. How can it be evil if, in it, one lives more abundantly, and experiences a deeper sense of the meaning of life? . . . War, as these men play it, need not be some sordid squabble into which we are drawn weeping and with reluctant feet. It is a game to be played according to certain fixed principles and assumptions. And for that reason I beg to utter one more heretical and anti-social statement which must be kept from the ears of Winston Burdett: that as War appears to be inevitable in this life, it is more important to keep it the good thing it is, than to win or lose it.

NINE RIVERS FROM JORDAN opens, characteristically, with a picture of our Army in at once roaring high spirits and full retreat. Desert encounters include the then General Montgomery, fascinatingly first met in Australian headgear; desert friendships rank high.

One of Mr. Johnston's enterprises also plunged him into the heart of Tito's fierce, singing, young boy-and-girl partisans. Sympathetic, to those who have shared his hopes, may be found his attempts to go gay in a Paris under American Army rule. The Italy the Allies fought their way up, the Rome of immediately after her liberation are no less clear, though they may be less terrible, than the Germany conquest was to disclose. And the metaphysical effect left by Belsen upon this one man is shown as deeper, more lasting, than the physical horror.

HE blundered into Belsen when not unromantically driving through German forests in patient search of a German girl who had continued to haunt his imagination: naïve letters from her to a fighting lover, left behind in the debris of a German retreat, had happened to come into his hands. Annaliese for him had been the sweet and patient spirit of Woman, transcending War, and redeeming Germany.

[Continued on page 118]



Miss Jill Joseph and Miss Heather Gjertsen crossed the River Lymington on their way to the meet at Brockenhurst Bridge. Later they enjoyed an exhilarating gallop through the sunlit forest

YOUNG RIDERS' MEET BECAME PAPER CHASE

THE day chosen by the New Forest Hunt for their annual Children's Meet dawned cold and frosty, and the proposed programme had to be cancelled. This, however, did not deter the fifty young riders, and when the proposal was announced for a mounted paper chase, it met with great enthusiasm



Mary Jackson, David Jackson and Caroline Pitcairn found something to amuse them whilst waiting for the signal to start



Miss Susan Barker riding her pony Smokey was another of the junior members of the hunt who had an excellent day out



Refreshments before the move off—tea and sandwiches—were accepted with delight by Miss Sheila Clark and Miss Christine Cass



Almost identical ponies were ridden by Miss Susan Martin and Miss Caroline Hunt, here waiting for the trail-layer to start



John French

PERENNIAL PLEASURE Here is the perfect odd jacket, Rima's "Alhambra," a Spanish import that is being stocked by Harrods. Made of emerald green and black checked jersey, with wide sleeves and a casual collar, it is warm, comfortable and enormously chic. Wear it about the house now and later on during the summer out of doors

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

I AM putting an advertisement into the little windows outside the local newsagents'. "Wanted—unreliable woman, surly, inadequate to attempt housework in inconvenient, old-fashioned house. May dislike cats and children but should not say so." For I have just lost, thank goodness, a treasure. She was what is called a superior type of woman, and from the minute she set foot in our house she bossed us. We stood and admired while Mrs. Pickaxe whitened the steps and burnished the knocker to Oriental brilliance. We slid gratefully over odorously polished floors. We bought, at Mrs. Pickaxe's orders, inordinate quantities of specially graded steel wool, *de luxe* quality polishes, tailor-made polishing cloths.

★ ★ ★

WHEN we acquired a pale orange kitten called McDougal, Mrs. Pickaxe said that cats made footprints on her clean steps, messed up her polished floors. Also they got under her feet. So we kept McDougal closeted when she was there.

She was also a great putter-away. Anything left outside cupboards or drawers was at once snatched up and concealed in incalculable places. We found bedroom slippers under pillows—pyjamas under armchair covers—roller-skates in handkerchief drawers—books in the airing cupboard. Some things we still haven't found. Still, had we wished, we could have eaten off her floors.

The crisis came these holidays. After a frantic shopping morning I did not return until almost twelve o'clock. "You forgot to leave my coffee and biscuits ready for me," Mrs. Pickaxe greeted me reproachfully.

★ ★ ★

WE weathered that one, but the children's visitors—we possess the most slideable banisters—must have been the last straw, for Mrs. Pickaxe gave solemn notice. "The work's too much for me nerves," she said evasively.

I kept telling myself there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. . . .

Of course it is raining on the first day that the two younger children go back to school. Wellington boots have to be dragged from the cupboard-under-the-stairs and identified, because L. has now taken on B.'s boots.

(Continued on page 112)



Brien Kirley

Fashion Choice of the Week

THIS tough little country jerkin, the body made of brown suède, the sleeves and collar of thick matching wool, costs 10 gns., and is from Aquascutum in Regent Street. Very light in weight, you can move in it so freely, look so smart and remain so warm, that it seems to us this cosy garment is an absolute must for the sportswoman, the countrywoman or the inveterate weekender

—MARIEL DEANS

CONTINUING— DIARY OF A LADY . . .

B.HAS a new pair which hasn't been marked yet, and goodness only knows where the marking ink pencil is. Still, it is all ready in the end—the terror and anxiety which haunt the two for fear they should be late is eventually removed, and they leave, as usual, at a time which gets them into the playground at least fifteen minutes too early.

Surrounded by silence and superannuated Wellingtons, I bustle round picking up the traces of my children's departure—it is essential that Mrs. G., the newly acquired daily, should not mark us down too early as a difficult place. Wrapped in the comforting peace and emptiness I pace rooms and landings picking up and putting away. Only *my* footsteps echo on the stairs—only *my* curses issue in a refined hiss as I knock my ankle on an errant roller-skate, which punctures the skin but not, heaven be praised, the nylon.

★ ★ ★

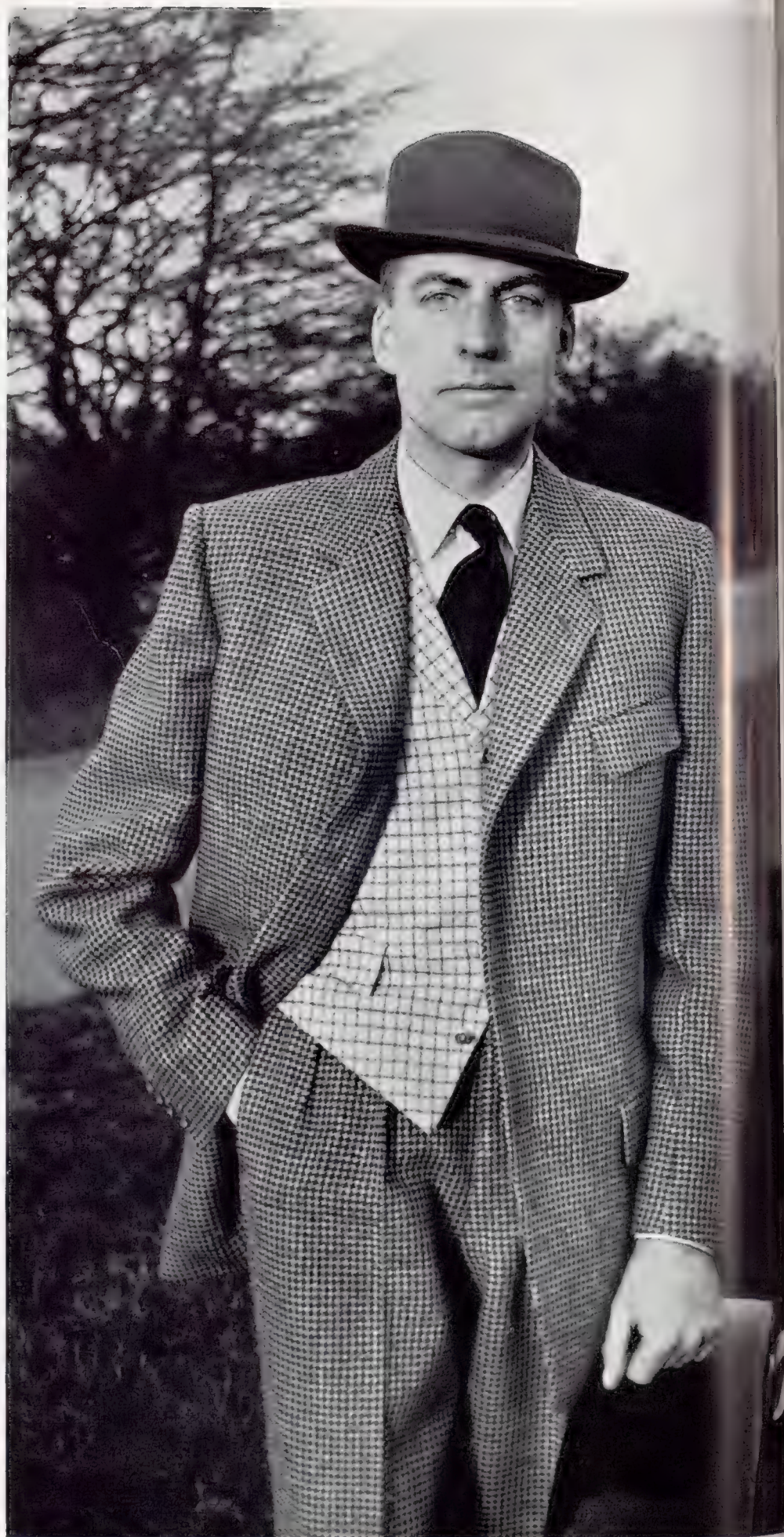
THE silence is wonderful—after about a quarter of an hour of it I turn on the radio and start talking to myself to cheer myself up. Not that there is not plenty to do. First on the list is that remnant of noisily checked material which I picked up in a sale. Seen in the scented, plush-padded luxury of the shop it at once converted itself into a pair of those tight, George Sandish trousers which look so well on the model. It is true that when, before buying the pattern, I prudently caused the young lady to slide a measuring tape round my waist, the result didn't tally with the sylph-like silhouette of a year or so ago. It is true that the young lady comforted me that I was ever-so slim with an unspoken "for your age" which did little for morale. Also, I have not mentioned purchase or intention to any of my male relatives who still maintain that women are the wrong shape for masculine clothing. But still. . .

★ ★ ★

At least nobody could call these particular slacks masculine. Also they will keep me warm. Also they will save stockings. . . With a speed born of impatience and the need for reassurance I tack the garment up and proceed tremblingly to a full-length view. It's such a pity that there wasn't enough stuff to take those checks diagonally, but certainly nobody can accuse me of aping masculinity, the general effect being that of a not terribly respectable ballet dancer. At once it is clear that these slacks, if not permanently stood up in, will bag at the knees.

It is going to be difficult to open the door to the gas-meter man or even the bridge four with quite the gay insouciance originally planned. . .

—Diana Gillon



A green and brown tweed suit worn by Mr. Hugh Cundey, one of the directors of Henry Poole & Co., who made it, and a descendant of the founder of the firm which started trading about 150 years ago. The features to be particularly remarked are the long jacket, low waist line and fairly narrow trousers. Individual touches are shown in the flap to the outside breast pocket and the checked waistcoat

The Edwardian Trend is Now a Trace



Corner of a Savile Row showroom. The display features a bronze eagle brought back by Henry Poole from the first Paris Exhibition in the 19th century. The old jockey scales are also to have been used to settle arguments arising out of any changes of customers' girth.

SAVILE ROW has, for a hundred and fifty years, been the focal point of men's fashions throughout the world. Today, after an exuberant twelve-month excursion into the byways of mannerism, its integrity remains unchallenged.

THE ARBITERS say that for the coming season jackets will still be cut fairly long, with the waist moderately defined. Single-breasted lounge suits will be more popular than doubles, but the general tendency is towards the traditional style of West End cutting.

THE EDWARDIAN revival has left its traces upon the narrower trousers and in a continuing affection for the collared waistcoat. Extremes of eccentricity are frowned upon with as much discretion as a good employee may permit himself.

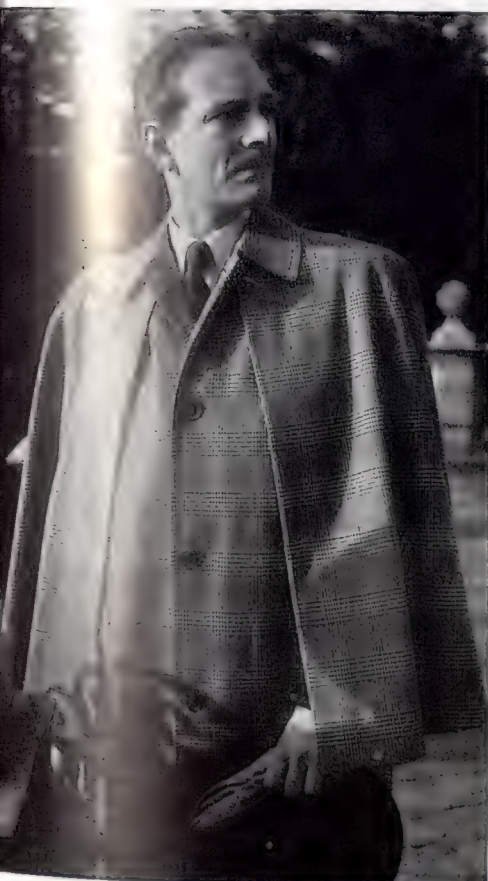
Here we show how, despite the austerity of our mentors, a man may still emerge as an individual.



Double-breasted worsted business suit, cut and styled by Harrods' Personal Tailoring Department. An interesting feature are the slender sleeves and trousers, and the white slip to waistcoat.



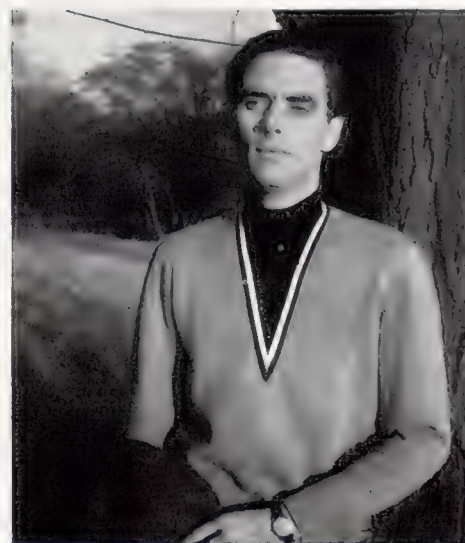
The "St. Moritz" sweater with stand collar and matching wool skull cap. Colour combinations are navy/white, black/yellow, wine/white. Useful for almost any country pursuit.



This Inverness Cape from Aquascutum's has modern smartness and usefulness. It may be worn open at the neck or buttoned high. Wrist-length cape is attached to coat.



A really handsome casual jacket in light grey Bedford Cord for wear in the home or for any outdoor sporting occasion. The large outside patchpockets strike an unusual fashion note.



Italian wool sweater with polo neck, in peacock blue, with black and white V front. Other colours available. Sporting cap in fur felt, also from Simpson's.

F. J. Goodman



A decorative device for brightening your rooms comes from Walpoles of Sloane Street who, when you have selected your chintz, will make up cushions to go with it in whatever shapes you like to choose. The three photographed here are square, price £3 10s. 6d., oblong and kidney, 55s. each.

BEAUTY

SHOPPING

SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?

JEAN CLELAND, glancing back, picks out some of the best of the new beauty aids which have appeared this winter and which women everywhere are beginning to talk about

WITH men's fashions on ahead of me, I feel that in my column this week we leave the men to their nuts and their port, retire to the drawing-room, and have a cosy chat about things dear to our feminine hearts.

Should the question of good looks crop up—as frequently happens when two or more women are gathered together—it seems probable that you might ask me whether in the world of Beauty—in which I swim round rather like a fish in a glass bowl—I have come across anything new. Looking back on the past months, I can think of various items which may be of interest. Let me then “re-cap” as they say on television, and tell you something about them.

STARTING at the top—that is to say with the hair—those who wash their hair at home will be glad to know that, in response to a wide demand for a single size shampoo, costing only 8½d. against 1s. 5d., 2s. 3d., and 3s. 6d. for the larger sizes, Raymond has brought out a new pack of the well-known R.77 cream shampoo. This comes in the form of an attractive sachet, containing just the right amount for one really good hair-do.

Something new in combs, too, has come on to the market, the first actual improvement—so the makers claim—in 5,000 years, which leads one to think that the manufacturers as a whole have been a bit slow. I have been trying out this new invention, called the “Cosby Stimulator,” and it really is different. Instead of the teeth remaining rigid,

they very cleverly slide back so that the points conform to the shape of the head as the comb passes through the hair. In addition to the ordinary function of taking out tangles, the teeth gently stimulate the scalp, and act as a form of massage. An extra refill is supplied with each one. The comb itself is detachable from the permanent base, so that it can be removed for washing.

DRYNESS and lack of sheen is a distressingly common hair problem, and those of you who suffer in this way will be interested in a new cream specially designed for correcting and improving this condition. At the reception at which it was launched, I talked to several people who had used it, and if the look of their hair was anything to go by it should at least be well worth trying. Applied after shampooing and rinsing, this conditioner, called “Countess,” forms a thin film along the whole length of the hair shaft, thus protecting and repairing damage caused by sun and wind.

It also, to a very large degree, stops tangling, which should be a boon to children, on whose heads, incidentally, it can be safely used.

You remember Steiner's excellent Lacquer Sheen, which acts as an invisible hair net and keeps every hair in place? Well, you can get it now in a new jet-action super spray. A touch of the button on the top produces a superfine jet spray which, highly diffused, makes for economical use and elegant grooming.

In their new treatment salons, Coty's are making a speciality of hand and arm treatments and leg and ankle treatments. With these, you can have beauty at your fingertips and a new spring in your step, which in these busy days is a welcome thought.



P. Sothcott
“Beauty is in the eye of the beholder”—and it is careful grooming that makes it worth beholding

ANOTHER thing to try is Raymond's new clean-up and make-up, called the “Quickie,” which can be had at his Albemarle Street salon. A perfect refresher between a day's shopping and an evening at the theatre.

For the final touch, there is a glowing new lipstick from Max Factor called “Red Riding Hood,” and when you think of the traditional pantomime cloak, you get the exact colour.

This is where we stop our gossip and prepare to receive the men. I can hear them saying, “Shall we join the ladies?”



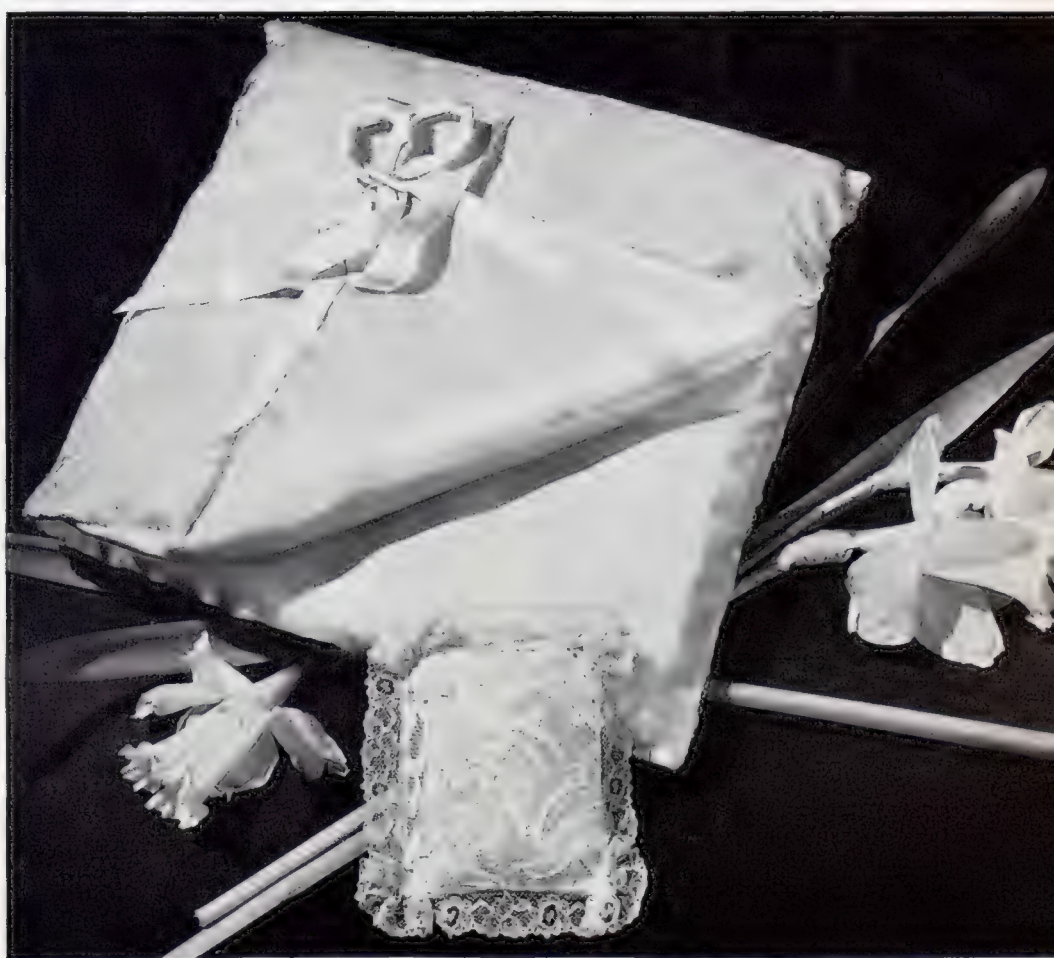
Useful and decorative are these charmingly fashioned ball point pens, which can be used on the fly. They should have a special appeal for those who really mislay things. Price 7s. 6d. from Woollands



Something new in table sets are these pure linen place mats, trimmed with beautifully reproduced Valenciennes lace. With centrepiece and napkins to match, they can be had in pure white or natural shade, either lending charm to luncheon or dinner. Complete set of 13 pieces, price £4 2s. 6d. from Walpoles, Sloane Street



You can go singing in the rain carrying this slim black-handled umbrella, with its diamanté band, and handbag diamanté trimmed to match. The umbrella costs four and a half guineas and is exclusive to Fenwicks, who also have the bag at 55s. 6d.



The aura of a past and more gracious age comes back to us with these lace-trimmed and beribboned handkerchief sachets, perfumed with French sachet powder, at 59s. 6d. Nightdress cases (five and a half guineas) and small scented sachets (12s. 11d.) can be had to go with them, and placed in the lingerie drawer they spread a fragrance as subtle as it is delightful. From Marshall & Snelgrove

ENGAGEMENTS



Lenare

Miss Juliet Anne Nash, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Nash, of Ellens Green, Sussex, has announced her engagement to Mr. Richard Henry Napier Worsley, son of the late Mr. R. S. L. Worsley and of Mrs. V. Jones, of Cuckfield, Sussex



Navana Vandyk

Miss Eleanor Georgina French, younger daughter of the late the Hon. Louis French and of the Hon Mrs. French, of Ovington Gardens, S.W.3, is engaged to Mr. Robert Macalaster Symington, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Symington, of Oporto



Fayer

The Hon. Patricia Mary Gwendolen Hill, daughter of Lord and Lady Sandys, of Droitwich, Worcs., is to marry Mr. John L. Pepys Cockerell, son of the late Lt.-Col. Pepys Cockerell, and of Mrs. Pepys Cockerell, of Aldermaston, Berks



HILDYARD—MORRIS

Mr. Angus Jeremy Christopher Hildyard, R.A., only son of Mrs. A. B. Craddock and stepson of Col. A. B. Craddock, of Limetree Cottage, Hook, Hants, married at St. James's, Spanish Place, the Hon. Aislinn Mary Katharine Morris, elder daughter of Lord Morris, of Carlos Place, W.1, and Mrs. Cyril Salmon, of Wickhambreaux

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



GETHING—MUSKER

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mr. Brian Gething, only son of the late Lt.-Col. B. W. E. Gething and the late Lady Donatia Gething, married Miss Sigrid Anne Musker, elder daughter of Sir John and Lady Musker, of Shadwell Park, Thetford, Norfolk



ROYAL—JONES

Lt. Thomas Ian Royal, R.E.M.E., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Royal, of Willerby, Hull, and Miss Audrey Lloyd Jones, daughter of the late Mr. H. R. Jones and Mrs. E. D. Jones, of Penarth, Cardiff, formerly of Whitechurch, married at St. Mary's, Whitechurch, Cardiff



VENABLES—HORTON

Lt. John R. Venables, R.N., son of the late Capt. R. Venables and of Mrs. M. Venables, of Ludlow, Shropshire, and Miss Marian Horton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald J. Horton, of Long Mead, Langstone, Havant, Hants, married at Portsmouth Cathedral



CHADWICK—BEVIS

At Portsmouth Cathedral, Instructor Lt. A. C. Chadwick, R.N., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Chadwick, of Great Meols, Cheshire, married Miss A. M. H. Bevis, daughter of Surgeon-Cdr. E. C. Bevis, R.N., and Mrs. Bevis, of Charlton, Parkstone Avenue, Southsea

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Book Reviews (Continued from page 108)

YOUNG LOVE AND
OLD WISDOM

Appalling, ironical and for him conclusive was it to come on Belsen where he should have found the girl: he makes clear, indeed, that that mis-arrival constituted a spiritual turning-point. . . .

The allegoric side of *Nine Rivers From Jordan* must not be overlooked, if the book is to have for the reader its full value. Real figures loom large, symbolic figures still more so. The title derives from a prophecy; interposed passages are in the descent of James Joyce.

Above all, this is not "another war book."

★ ★ ★

BETTY ASKWITH is an English novelist in the main, which is always the great tradition. Her *THE BLOSSOMING TREE* (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) is one of the best examples of her work—as a novel should be, it is convincing, moving, tense, civilized and, through all, enjoyable. We first see her heroine, Lady Henry Vanroyne, in old age, through the eyes of a grand-daughter—the girl, on a visit, feels a sort of stiflingness in the correct old house; and no less arid seems Lady Henry's birdlike contemporary, Rose Arden. Yes those two women, unbeknownst to the young Elizabeth, have been interknit in the drama of their two lives; and we are to know, in the case of one, how a life has been touched to the very core.

Rose, the quick-witted charmer, has throughout been true to type: naïver and nobler; Catherine shows the contradiction between what seems to be and what is—or, at least, has been. Catherine's youthful marriage to Henry Vanroyne, the *parti* pressed on her by her family, had been preceded by an infatuation whose very innocence made it headlong, but the handsome vet, knowing his place too well, had cleared out, leaving Catherine forlornly prepared to revert to type. Marriage fails, however, to bring her into any real contact with her husband—reserved to the point of coldness, absorbed in his high political career. Catherine has found herself left, like so many women, full of unspent capacities, eager to feel, wishing to give, longing to help, but not yet knowing which way to turn.

NOW comes the half-Russian Frenchman, André Lesvignes—foreign in outlook, no less than in race, to Catherine's conventional, aristocratic world. He is a revolutionary—though at the same time quick, quicker than any man before, to understand her, to love her for what she is. Miss Askwith, in tracing the course of the passion which flames up out of the first friendship, shows a morality delicate, deep and true. Catherine's going to André is not a "fall": it is to bring about the flowering of her entire being—yet, in so far as the happiness is illicit, it must be paid for in suffering, it exists in danger, and it cannot but end. Made great by an understanding she lacked before, Catherine goes back to her husband; to rediscover him. Serenity, with motherhood, is to come.

The love story is beautiful. It is made the more so by Miss Askwith's knowledge of and fairness towards the world from which Catherine temporarily fled. *The Blossoming Tree* is, amongst other things, an unselfconscious and graceful period piece, full of glimpses of country and country house life, of sedate social-political London, and of a Paris seen through the glow of love.

★ ★ ★

THE CHILD IN FASHION (Batsford, 25s.) would make a delightful post-Christmas gift, or might well bid for the book-token not yet exchanged.

The author is Doris Langley Moore, from whose collection of child costumes, reaching a considerable way back into history, the illustrating photographs have been taken. On artlessly posed young models of both sexes, we see tricornees, poke bonnets and "Dolly Vardens"; under-the-arms waists, bustles and pantalettes; brocades, cashmeres and flighty muslins. The small boys are formal little gentlemen—for how long a time were children, at least outwardly, forced to be miniature grown-ups!

Mrs. Langley Moore opens with an excellent essay on the influences on and reasons for children's fashions; after which she adds a full, informative note to each picture, decade by decade.

★ ★ ★

THE ROSY PASTOR (Crime Club; Collins, 9s. 6d.) is Nigel Fitzgerald's second detective story—*Midsummer Malice* being the first. Its central, ill-fated figure is not a clergyman but a pink-breasted starling, whose arrival in a bay in the West of Ireland makes local ornithological history. Dotted also along this retired coast are four young women of raving beauty and possibly murderous proclivities—who slew the professor, and who the house agent, not to speak of the starling? Denis O'Rourke, fascinating actor just home from Hollywood, poses to himself this absorbing question, in whose solution he is to have a share.

The local colour seems good, though I myself find the cast somewhat too exotic—and, from all being exotic, too much alike.



Edinburgh Wanderers XV. Back row: A. H. Macleod, F. D. Watson, T. K. Turnbull, W. S. Glen, G. B. Wilson. Middle row: C. R. G. Macfarlane, R. G. Bennett, G. M. Lowe, A. B. Chalmers, R. A. Cadzow, F. McLachlan, A. R. C. Connett (hon. secretary). Sitting: R. Gordon, F. E. R. Hamblin, J. Newall (captain), J. R. Glen, W. L. K. Cowie

Rugby Clubs

By S. A. Patman

EDINBURGH WANDERERS

ALTHOUGH no documentary evidence is available, it is believed that the Edinburgh Wanderers Football Club was founded in 1868, its special purpose being to provide facilities for playing Rugby for old boys of public schools resident in the city who had no organization of their own. The club owed its formation to the late J. Campbell Penney.

The history of the Wanderers centres round its famous players and these the club has produced in abundance from the time J. Reid was awarded his Scottish cap in 1876. During the next quarter of a century Wanderers who gained international recognition include A. R. Don Wauchope, A. G. G. Asher, C. J. N. Fleming and Gregor Macgregor, who in addition to being capped thirteen times for his native country kept wicket for England in eight Test matches against the Australians.

The club experienced varying fortunes in the early years of the century and like most Rugby clubs many members answered the call on the outbreak of World War One, never to return. One great loss to the club was Lt. J. M. Usher of the Gordon Highlanders, killed at Loos.

THANKS to the hard work of J. Macglashan, J. Young and F. S. Mackenzie activities were quickly resumed after the war, but the next few seasons produced little of note. It was not until 1931-2 that the Wanderers came to the fore again under the captaincy of F. Morrison, an Irishman, and in the next season with the redoubtable Scottish international Ross Logan at scrum half had their best record for many years, with only four defeats.

From then until the game was again interrupted the Wanderers had a very strong side with Idwal Rees, the Welsh threequarter, and Scottish caps in P. M. S. Gedge, J. G. Watherston, W. N. Renwick and D. K. A. Mackenzie.

In an effort to keep the game going the Wanderers joined forces with Edinburgh Academicals until the end of season 1947, when the clubs resumed their separate identities. Since then the club has emerged as one of the strongest sides in Scotland and in 1951-2 enjoyed the best season in its history, suffering only two defeats, with R. Gordon, K. J. Dalgleish and I. F. Cordial as notable players in internationals.

ACROSS the years many prominent citizens of Edinburgh have rendered loyal service to the club. The late R. D. Rainnie was associated with the Wanderers for over fifty years in various capacities, and other veteran officials include F. S. Mackenzie, E. G. Mackean, the president, D. M. Ferguson and B. Thomson.

The Wanderers' first ground was at Raeburn Place, where the initial match between England and Scotland took place in 1871. Later the club became a tenant of the Scottish Rugby Union, first at Inverleith and from 1928 at the famous Murrayfield ground.

The club had the unique honour of providing the rival captains in the 1937 international, J. Idwal Rees for Wales and W. Ross Logan, Scotland.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE standard of the lighter type of recording released during the past year has on the whole been poor, so it was with interest and a genuine feeling of hope that I recently listened to a record made by Miss Diana Dors. She sings two songs which I imagine belong to the category known as "point numbers." Frances Day once did this kind of song serenely as did the late Marion Harris. Alas, Miss Dors has neither the assurance of Miss Day nor the superb technique of the late Miss Harris, which is a pity, because I gather great things are expected of her in spheres of entertainment outside the gramophone. (H.M.V. B.10613.)

Fortunately there is always hope to fall back on, and while the Malcolm Mitchell Trio continue to turn out such first-rate material as "Istanbul" and "False Hearted Lover" there is most certainly hope for the lighter side of the gramophone record industry. Of its kind this is one of the best records of the past twenty years. I hope it will be put on the export market for it should earn plenty of dollars, and plenty of prestige for the British! (Parlophone R.3783.)

Robert Treddinnick

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JAMES BARKE, whose fifth novel on Robert Burns has just been published this month by Collins, is seen at the Machlin Burn, near Ayr

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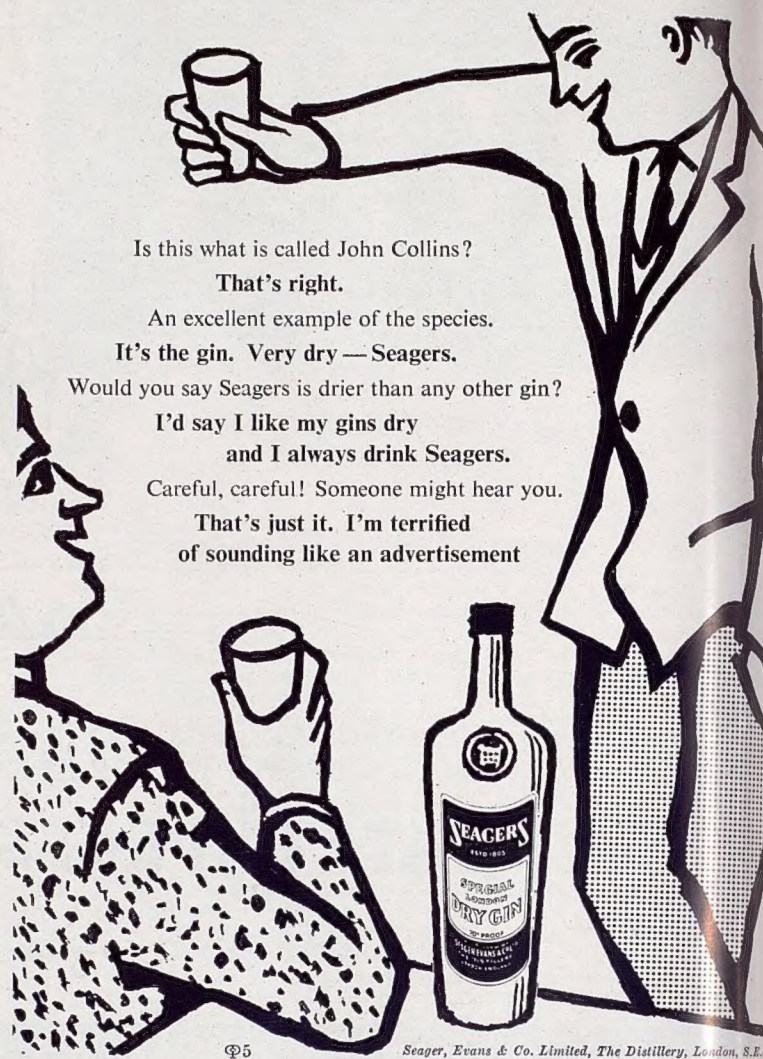
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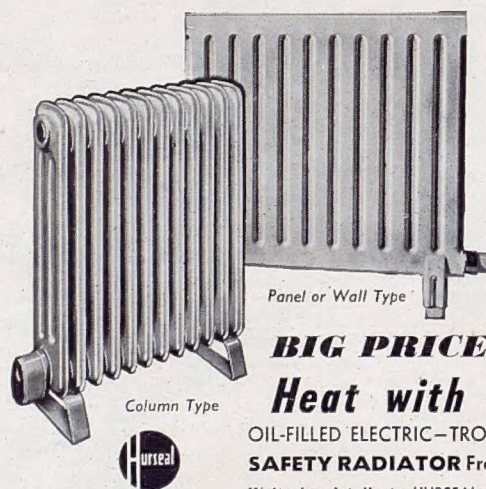
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